Cambria :: Freeman,
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.
BY JAMES G. HASSON,

Guaranteed Circulation, - 1200.

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do if not paid within 3 months.. 1.75
do if not paid within 6 months.. 2.00
do if not paid within the year.. 2 25
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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. G. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

VOLUME XXIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1890. NUMBER 47.

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Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

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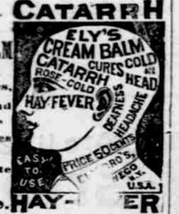

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SAW-MILLS, STEAM ENGINES,
SHINGLE MILLS, HAY PRESSES, &c.
If you want a First-class SAW MILL, send for Catalogue and special price to introduce in your section to
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BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

EVERYBODY in Cambria county should read the FREEMAN. Only $150 per year.

LIFE'S LADDER.

"Step by step we mount the ladder,"
Doth the Turkish proverb read;
And a double truth it teaches
To the one who stops to heed.

Hurrying the climber stumbles,
Meets with hindrance if not harm;
Better far ascend more slowly,
Sure of foot and strong of arm.

So in all life's efforts upward,
We but time and trouble waste
When we yield to anxious impulse—
Nothing e'er is gained by haste.

And the other lesson taught us
By the saying is as plain—
Though by single rounds we clamber,
We the ladder's top shall gain.

Fear not then, nor faint nor falter,
As life's steeps you seek to scale;
He who constant climbs, though slowly,
Can not of his purpose fail.
—Rev. P. B. Strong, in Golden Days.

WATCH CHARMS.

Entertaining Stories Sometimes Suggested by Them.

Though of Little Intrinsic Value They Serve as Reminders of Interesting Incidents in the Lives of Their Wearers.

If a man could get all the stories suggested by watch charms worn in the city, he would have a book of narratives bigger than the Doomsday Book in London. Many a man who would disdain any thing like weakness in personal adornment will wear a watch charm from one year's end to the next when there is no possible excuse for it beyond some legend of which he alone is the possessor. One of the conductors on the Pennsylvania road wears a miniature lantern with a red glass, and gold wire frame, in the center of which is a bit of phosphorescent light that glows brightly however dark the night may be. But a lantern in such a place is not especially remarked, for many many men on the road wear them in one style or another. The story about this particular one would never come out if we waited for the conductor to tell it himself. But it has a story.

Years ago, when this same conductor was a brakeman, in the days when a brakeman was really expected to attend to the brakes even on a passenger train, there was a collision and four men in the sleeper were killed. That was serious enough, but it would have been vastly worse had it not been for the fact that this man, then in a more humble position, heard the train coming behind him, clearly out of her time, snatched a red lantern and ran back there to give the warning. The engineer of the trespassing train saw him just in time to turn off the steam and put on the brakes, but he could not prevent the accident. Right at the prow of his engine, when the wreckers came to the place, lay a rich man who had long been an invalid, and who considered himself indebted to the brakeman for his life. He made him a present of the little lantern, and now each Christmas he sends to the vigilant trainman, who has since risen to the ranks of the conductors, a present which marks in some measure the gratitude even a suffering man can feel for one who has saved his life.

A Board of Trade man, not often left on the wrong side of the market, wears a little gold grain of corn at the end of a pensile swing of his watch chain. It commemorates the fact that in a memorable squeeze which occurred some years ago he had a sudden inspiration that it would be a good time to sell at the very instant when all the men on the floor seemed raving crazy to buy. He unloaded all the corn he had on hand, and the very next turn of the dial showed a notable falling off. Things grew worse very rapidly, and before the day was done the corn pit was simply one crowd of howling, losing speculators. It seemed that none of them had been able to save a dollar, and this one man was nearly alone in the fortunate inspiration that had saved him thousands of dollars.

One of the best known men around the city hall wears a cluster of bear's claws as his talisman. He never talks about them, but when some one who knows he was once a Californian directs the conversation for him this man can tell of some very thrilling experiences in the Sierra Nevadas, not the least interesting of which is an encounter with a bear one morning when himself and wife were alone in the camp, and when nothing but good luck and the courage of the woman in the case would have averted disaster for all of them. He lived to see the brute laid out cold and stiff in death, and then he drifted into a delirium that lasted for weeks. When he regained his strength he found the bear's skin tanned and spread upon his rude bed in lieu of better covering from the bitter cold of the mountains. He lay there in his weakness and worked away at the claws till he had taken all of them from their proper resting place, and when he recovered he had a watch charm made of them. He wears it yet, and is proud to say that he has never since been compelled to work for himself. From the day he reached the mines he has been called upon to serve the public in some capacity or another, and so long as that good fortune attends him he will never give up his bear's claws.

One man, now at the head of a big baking establishment, has a common-looking bullet swung to his chain. Some people think it is a homely sort of a thing to wear, and he does not quarrel with them; but if you ask him for the reason of such a strange fancy he will tell you it is because he owes all his good fortune he ever had in life to that lead bullet. Years ago, when he was a driver and hired to deliver bread for the firm that he has since bought out and made bigger than the founder ever believed it could be made, he was going his rounds, delivering bread, when he came to the home of a patron who lived away upstairs in a dark court. Right at the door of the patron was another door which led to a dwelling that had long been vacant. The bread boy wearily climbed the stairs, and was just about to deposit the regular order of bread on the table prepared for it the night before, when the door to the adjoining home was thrown open, and a man poked a pistol straight out and fired. The bread boy tumbled from the top to the bottom of the stairs, and when he reached the foot he heard the angry voice of the girl in the house he served scoring roundly the man in the newer domicile, who had fired the shot.

"What did you mean—shooting at him?" demanded the girl. "He is the bread man, and he has as good a right to come here as you have."

The householder had never killed a man in his life, but he thought this early morning visitor could mean no good, and he shot at him. He was as badly frightened as was the bread boy when he found out the true state of affairs, and came down to apologize. The girl, rather too thinly clad for the street, came down also and assured herself that her favorite bread man was in no wise the worse for the shot, though he had the bullet in his pocket, where it had lodged after passing through his coat. He won the lady, and she won a husband who might never have noticed her had it not been for the bullet that she thought had closed his career. So he wears the battered leaden thing, and every time he sees it he thinks how fortunate he was to get shot for a burglar and get saved for a friend in one and the same moment.

One of the tugboat captains, who earns his employers a pretty penny every year, wears a rake—a regular farmer's rake—on his watch-guard. It seems a little out of place on so nautical a waistcoat, but it is there, and if you want him to he will tell you a story about it. He will tell you a much better and a longer story than this, but the facts are about the same. When he was a younger man than he is to-day, he was only an ordinary hand on the tugboat—for he has followed that business for the past fifteen years—he started with his craft one stormy night to tow in a large steamer that was lying in the lake and that had been disabled. There was a high wind on, and for some reason or another the tug refused to obey her rudder, a thing that tugs very seldom do. When they came near enough the steamer they tried to turn and get a line, but the little vessel refused to do any thing of the kind and went jamb up against the bow of the bigger craft. She was slewed around so suddenly that every man aboard the tug, excepting the engineer, was thrown into the lake. This particular fellow managed to fall right between the vessels, and as he rose from his involuntary bath he saw the tug and the tow coming together, with him between them. He saw no earthly chance to escape and had about made up what little mind he had left that the end was come, when he saw a rake reached down to him from the lower deck of the steamer. He grasped it without asking any questions, and just as the two vessels crashed against each other he was landed safe on the bigger boat. He scrambled to his feet and saw that his rescuer was a young woman, not often seen on the lower deck of vessels, but who explained that she had been thrown down the stairway when the tug first struck. She looked over the side and saw the man in the water, and reached for him with the first thing that came in her hand. Then she saw the necessity of lifting him out of the water, and was frightened by the very gravity of the case into lifting him clear to herself and giving him a chance to clamber on the boat. Did he marry her? Well, no. You see, she was already the wife of one of the passengers; but he thanked her with all an honest man's heart, and got a rake made of gold and hung it to his watch charm. Then he went to work again harder than ever, and has finally risen to a place where he says he can offer her a home if it should ever happen that she wants one.

A member of the city council wears a nugget of gold in his chain. It was taken by his father from the "chimney diggings" in the days of gold mining up at Mount Shasta, Cal.

"The old man knocked it out the very first thing he done when he went to work in the morning," says the legislator, "and it was the only dime he made at the business all the time he was there. And it is the only thing any of his family ever made outside of a saloon in the world. That's why I wear it, and it's why I won't part with it. See?"
—Chicago Herald.

WIGS FOR EACH DAY.

How a Hairless Gentleman Deceives His Intimate Friends.

"So you do not believe that Mr. H—— wears a wig?" he asked.

"Certainly not."

"Where's your proof?"

"Look at his hair—smooth, glossy and natural."

"Very good wigs are made nowadays."

"Well, did you ever see a wig grow?"

"Not exactly."

"His does, if it's a wig."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Of course I am, that is, sure that his hair is his own, for I have seen him on the day when he has had his hair cut. I have seen it grow day by day until it needed cutting. In fact, his hair is wonderfully vigorous. Hardly a day passes that I do not see H——, and once I remarked to him how rapid his hair grew.

"'Do you think it's too long?' he said.

"'Well, yes, I do, a little,' I answered.

"'I'll get it cut this afternoon,' he said.

"The next morning I met him, and his hair was cut and trimmed almost too closely. Where in the world did you get the idea that he wore a wig?"

"My dear young innocent," was the reply, "wigs are so skillfully made now that one can't detect them. H—— has a wig for every day in the month. When he wants to have his hair cut he puts on his shortest wig. The next day he puts on a longer one, and so on, step by step, as his hair grows. Finally his hair gets too long and he has it cut—that is, he goes back to the short wig and begins all over again. Seeing is not believing."—N. Y Tribune.

George Washington Relics.

Mr. Thomas Gresham has left at the American Recorder office a couple of relics that have been handed down for 200 years. One was a small hatchet, resembling the one George Washington didn't use, that was given him by his mother, who died sixteen years ago at the age of eighty-six. It was given her by her grandmother when she was quite young. The other is a pint flask that is known to be over one hundred years old, as it has been in his father's family that long. It is a queer-looking, short, round flask, with the face of George Washington blown in the sides. He will now give these relics to his children.

Rather Ambiguous.

"I see by your sign that you are a dispensing druggist."

"Yes, sir."

"What do you dispense with?"

"With accuracy, sir."

"I was afraid you did."

ONLY ONE KIND WORD.

'Twas a little thing, only one kind word,
In the hurry and bustle of every day,
But the heart was touched and the soul was stirred,
And a rainbow of hope spanned the darkened way!

'Twas a world-worn man with a weight of woe,
Who was groping along, in the crowded street,
When he heard a voice that was soft and low;
And a word that was warm, and passing sweet!

And the sluggish life in his veins moved fast,
And the light in his eye was the olden light—
'Twas the one kind word, he had met and passed—
'Twas the blue in the sky where the stars shine bright.

'Twas a sinning girl, with a reckless air,
Who was one of a throng on a sunny day,
And her painted cheek and her stony stare
Were the signs of a soul on its downward way!

But a greeting came, and a kindly word,
With a message of grace to the erring one,
And the cankered depths of her nature stirred,
Till she turned from the wrong, and the good was won!
—Ella Dare, in Inter Ocean.

"THE WORM."

An Interesting Story of the One That Turned.

Shakespeare says something about worms, or it may be gnats or beetles, turning if you tread on them too severely. The safest plan is never to tread on a worm—not even on the last new subaltern from home, with his buttons hardly out of their tissue paper, and the red of sappy English beef in his cheeks. This is the story of the worm that turned. For the sake of brevity we will call Henry Augustus Ramsay Faizanne "The Worm," although he was an exceedingly pretty boy, without a hair on his face, and with a waist like a girl's, when he came out to the Second "Shikarris" and was made unhappy in several ways. The "Shikarris" are a high-caste regiment, and you must be able to do things well—play a banjo, or ride more than little, or sing or act—to get on with them.

The Worm did nothing except fall off his pony and knock chips out of gate posts with his trap. Even that became monotonous after a time. He objected to whist, cut the cloth at billiards, sang out of tune, kept very much to himself, and wrote to his mamma and sisters at home. Four of these things were vices which the "Shikarris" objected to and set themselves to eradicate. Every one knows how subalterns are, by brother subalterns, softened and not permitted to be ferocious. It is good and wholesome, and does no one any harm unless tempers are lost, and then there is trouble.

The "Shikarris" shikarred The Worm very much, and he bore every thing without winking. He was so good and so anxious to learn, and flushed so pink that his education was cut short, and he was left to his own devices by every one except the senior subaltern, who continued to make life a burden to The Worm. The senior subaltern meant no harm, but his chaff was coarse and he didn't quite understand where to stop. He had been waiting too long for his company, and that always sours a man. Also he was in love, which made him worse.

One day after he had borrowed The Worm's trap for a lady who had never existed, had used it himself all the afternoon, had sent a note to The Worm purporting to come from the lady, and was telling the mess all about it, The Worm rose in his place and said, in his quiet, lady-like voice: "That was a very pretty sell, but I'll lay you a month's pay to a month's pay when you get your step that I work a sell on you that you'll remember for the rest of your days, and the regiment after you when you're dead or broke." The Worm wasn't angry in the least, and the rest of the mess shouted. Then the senior subaltern looked at The Worm from the boots upward and down again, and said: "Done, Baby." The Worm took the rest of the mess to witness that the bet had been taken, and retired into a book with a sweet smile.

Two months passed, and the senior subaltern still educated The Worm, who began to move about a little more as the hot weather came on. I have said that the senior subaltern was in love. The curious thing is that a girl was in love with the senior subaltern. Though the Colonel said awful things, and the Majors snorted, and married Captains looked unutterable wisdom, and the juniors scoffed, those two were engaged.

The senior subaltern was so pleased with getting his company and his acceptance at the same time, that he forgot to bother The Worm. The girl was a pretty girl, and had money of her own. She does not come into this story at all.

One night, at the beginning of the hot weather, all the mess except The Worm, who had gone to his room to write home letters, were sitting on the platform outside the mess-house. The band had finished playing, but no one wanted to go in. And the Captains' wives were there also. The folly of a man in love is unlimited. The senior subaltern had been holding forth on the merits of the girl he was engaged to, and the ladies were purring approval, while the men yawned, when there was a rustle of skirts in the dark, and a tired, faint voice lifted itself:

"Where's my husband?"

I do not wish in the least to reflect on the morality of the "Shikarris," but it is on record that four men jumped up as if they were shot. Three of them were married men. Perhaps they were afraid that their wives had come from home unbeknownst. The fourth said that he had acted on the impulse of the moment. He explained this afterward.

Then the voice cried: "O, Lionel!" Lionel was the senior subaltern's name. A woman came into the little circle of light by the candles on the peg table, stretching out her arms to the dark where the senior subaltern was, and sobbing. We rose to our feet, feeling that things were going to happen, and ready to believe the worst. In this bad, small world of ours one knows so little of the life of the next man, which, after all, is entirely his own concern, that one is not surprised when the crash comes.

Any thing might turn up any day for any one. Perhaps the senior subaltern had been trapped in his youth. Men are crippled that way occasionally. We didn't know; we wanted to hear, and the Captains' wives were as anxious as we. If he had been trapped he was to be excused, for the woman from nowhere, in the dusty shoes and gray traveling dress, was very lovely, with black hair and great eyes full of tears. She was tall, with a fine figure, and her voice had a running sob in it pitiful to hear. As soon as the senior subaltern stood up she threw her arms around his neck and called him "my darling," and said she could not bear waiting alone in England, and his letters were so short and cold, and she was his to the end of the world, and would he forgive her? This did not sound quite like a lady's way of speaking. It was too demonstrative.

Things seemed black indeed, and the Captains' wives peered under their eyebrows at the senior subaltern, and the Colonel's face set like the day of judgment framed in gray bristles, and no one spoke for awhile.

Next the Colonel said, very shortly: "Well, sir?" and the woman sobbed afresh. The senior subaltern was half choked with the arms around his neck, but he gasped out: "It's false! I never had a wife in my life!"

"Well," said the Colonel, "come into the mess. We must sift this clear somehow," and he sighed to himself, for he believed in his "Shikarris," did the Colonel.

We trooped into the ante-room, under the full lights, and there we saw how beautiful the woman was. She stood up in the middle of us all, sometimes choking with crying, then hard and proud, and then holding out her arms to the senior subaltern. She told us how the senior subaltern had married her when he was home on leave eighteen months before; and she seemed to know all that we knew, and more too, of his people and his past life. He was white and ashy gray, trying now and again to break into the torrent of her words; and we, noting how lovely she was and what a criminal he looked, esteemed him a beast of the worst kind. We felt sorry for him, though.

I shall never forget the indictment of the senior subaltern by his wife, nor will he. It was so sudden, rushing out of the dark unannounced into our dull lives. The Captains' wives stood back, but their eyes were alight, and you could see that they had already convicted and sentenced the senior subaltern. The Colonel seemed five years older. One Major was shading his eyes with his hand and watching the woman from underneath it. Another was chewing his mustache and smiling quietly, as if he were witnessing a play. Full in the open space, in the center, by the whist tables, the senior subaltern's terrier was hunting for fleas. I remember all this as clearly as though a photograph were in my hand. I remember the look of horror on the senior subaltern's face. It was rather like seeing a man hanged, but much more interesting. Finally the woman wound up by saying that the senior subaltern carried a double F. M. in tattoo on his left shoulder. We all knew that, and to our innocent minds it seemed to clinch the matter. But one of the bachelor Majors said, very politely: "I presume that your marriage certificate would be more to the purpose."

That roused the woman. She stood up and sneered at the senior subaltern for a cur, and abused the Major and the Colonel and all the rest. Then she wept, and then she pulled a paper from her breast, saying, imperially: "Take that! and let my husband—my lawful husband—read it aloud if he dare!"

There was a hush, and the men looked into each other's eyes as the senior subaltern came forward in a dazed and dizzy way and took the paper. We were wondering, as we stared, whether there was any thing against any one of us that might turn up later on. The senior subaltern's throat was dry; but, as he ran his eyes over the paper, he broke out into a hoarse cackle of relief, and said to the woman: "You young blackguard!"

But the woman had fled through a door, and on the paper was written: "This is to certify that I, The Worm, have paid in full my debts to the senior subaltern, and further, that the senior subaltern is my debtor, by agreement on the 23d of February, as by the mess attested, to the extent of one month's Captain's pay, in the lawful currency of the Indian Empire."

Then a deputation set off for The Worm's quarters, and found him, between and between, unlacing his stays, with the hat, wig, serge dress, etc., on the bed. He came over as he was, and the "Shikarris" shouted until the gunners' mess sent over to know if they might have a share of the fun. I think we were all, except the Colonel and the senior subaltern, a little disappointed that the scandal had come to nothing. But that is human nature. There could be no two words about The Worm's acting. It leaned as near to a nasty tragedy as any thing this side of a joke can.

When most of the subalterns set upon him with sofa cushions to find out why he had not said that acting was his strong point, he answered, very quietly: "I don't think you ever asked me. I used to act at home with my sisters." But no acting with girls could account for The Worm's display that night. Personally, I think it was in bad taste, besides being dangerous. There is no use in playing with fire, even for fun.

The "Shikarris" made him president of the regimental dramatic club, and when the senior subaltern paid up his debt, which he did at once, The Worm sank the money in scenery and dresses. He is a good Worm, and the "Shikarris" are proud of him. The only drawback is that he has been christened "Mrs. Senior Subaltern," and as there are now two Mrs. Senior Subalterns in the station, this is sometimes confusing to strangers.—Rudyard Kipling, in The Woman's Journal.

The Great Napoleon's Heart.

May 6, 1821, Dr. Antomachi, assisted by Thomas Carswell, proceeded to make an autopsy on the body of Napoleon I. at Longwood. The post-mortem was interrupted by the darkness of the evening. When going to continue the autopsy next morning the physicians found that the Emperor's heart had been almost entirely devoured by rats. A fresh lamb's heart was taken and placed in the dead man's thorax. Thus the body of Napoleon, which has reposed under the dome of the Invalides since 1840, contains the heart of an animal instead of that of the hero of Austerlitz.

—Nellie—"Strange that Ethel should marry beneath her." Clara—"Why, George is a splendid fellow." Nellie—"Yes, I know that, but he is so much shorter than Ethel."—Boston Herald.

TOUJOURS ROI.

"It is the time to love," he said,
"For gladsome spring is here:
The buds are swelling o'erhead;
Each bird sings to its dear.
O, maiden sweet! the spring's fair prime
Surely is Love's chosen time."
And she answered, shyly, low;
"I know not; it may be so."

"It is the time to love," he said;
"For in these summer bowers,
With green leaves dancing overhead,
Love hath no fitter hours.
Sweet maiden, in these golden days
Love with us more fondly strays."
On her cheek the rose flush burned:
"In Love's fables you are learned."

"It is the time to love," he said;
"Autumn at the gate doth stand,
Red leaves rustling overhead,
Grape and nut within his hand.
Maiden, in these days of cheer
Think you Love draws not more near?"
Answered she, with downcast smile:
"Love, 'tis said, hath many a wile."

"It is the time to love," he said,
"For though the grass is sear,
And leafless branches overhead
Sob of the winter drear,
Though snow-wreaths twine, O, maiden sweet,
Hath Love ever hours more meet?"
Silent she, while Love laughed low,
Fitting arrow to his bow:
"Spring is gilded, and summer sweet,
Sun nor storm may stay my feet.
Let me whisper, vows to thee,
Seasons all belong to me."
—Lucy Randolph Fleming, in Harper's Bazar.

"MY JOHN."

A Story of Prairie Fires and Parental Forgiveness.

"I think it is smoke."

"And I think you are wrong."

The first speaker was a young woman with a sweet face, expressive of much silent resoluteness and great self-control. The second speaker was an old man, whose faded brown eyes had a startled look as if suspecting that people were about to bring him trouble, or else asserting that they had already brought it.

The old man was known among the ranchmen as old John Blasland. He owned a great ranch. The young woman was called Hannah. "I don't know what her t'other name is," the old man would have told a questioner. "She came from the East somewhere, wanted to help my housekeeper, Mrs. Futherly, and I didn't care. That's all I know about it. I don't care what her name is. I am a leetle 'spishns of what she wants; they all want something."

It was the mystery enwrapping Hannah like an atmosphere, and it was the old man's suspicion of her motives and purposes, that made her presence an annoyance to him in spite of any words to the contrary. When he now had told her that any sign of smoke about the prairie-region was a mistake, she simply replied: "If young John were here, he could tell us."

The faded brown eyes began to flash. The husky voice trembled with petulance. "Young John!" he snarled. "I guess if old John don't know, you won't pick up any information from that young man."

It might have seemed as if he were angry with "young John." No—with the young woman who mentioned his name.

"I know, I know!" he silently said, as he turned away. "She cares more for young John than old John. Too much going on between those young people. Next thing there will be a marriage. I don't want her moddlin' with that young man."

This other young person, like Hannah, came from the East, had proved very acceptable to the old ranchman, and was a great favorite with him. The ranchmen in the neighborhood, to distinguish the two, called one Old John and the other Young John. People sometimes thought they were father and son. No, there was a son at the East who had offended his father, and had been forbidden to come or even to write to him. The old man wondered sometimes whether he did not trace familiar features in this young adventurer from the East. Any fancied resemblance was not pleasant to the old ranchman. He drove it from his thoughts as he would drive a cloud of mosquitoes from his house.

And Hannah, she still lingered back of the barn, watching that smoky stain on the blue of the sky. It was Sunday morning. The great prairie was always still and always secluded, though in reality any thing but shut in. It had such an openness to the wide, wide sky. There was no semblance of fence or wall in any direction until, in the west, one saw a fold of bluish color along the prairie's rim. That meant the Rocky Mountains.

"I think it is growing!" she murmured. "That smoke-cloud is rolling up bigger. What if it should come this way, and sweep over the ranch! And yet *he* does not think it is smoke. I wish John were here! When will he come? He said he would be home on his pony early this morning and go with us to church."

"Hannah!" It was old John calling. "Come! Mrs. Futherly says if we are a-goin' to church, we ought to be gittin' ready. Come! Watchin' that sky won't git you ready!"

Hannah made no reply. It was of no use to notice all his fault-finding or any of it. She had shown rare self-control in her steadfast silence. She now turned and went into the house, while the old ranchman shuffled feebly to the barn and began to harness the horse into the wagon.

"I have horses in abundance, but they are all off with the men watchin' the cattle," he murmured, "and so, Jim, you must pull us to church. Humph! I s'pose *she* will say we can't go—that there is a fire out on the prairie. Nonsense! If my John was here, he could tell about that smoke!"

He dropped the harness as if handling the coils of a snake. What had he said? "My John!" That was the name also of the offending son in the East. The father never knowingly mentioned this form of name, "My John." Lifting the harness again, he now arrayed Jim in it.

"What do I smell?" he asked.

Young John would have told him "Smoke," but he was not willing to smell any thing of the kind.

In the meantime Hannah had given occasional glances at the suspicious northern sky. From a window she chanced to look toward the east. In alarm, astonishment, terror, she dropped a bonnet whose green trimming would have set off her fair face even as an apple tree's emerald foliage sets off its pinkish white blossoms.

"Oh—Oh—Oh! I did not look that way at all, and here it is right upon us! The wind must have shifted," she exclaimed.

Over at the right was a large, towering cloud of a dun brown color, with ragged, filmy edges, compact in the center and of a deeper hue there, as if its heart were a scowl and a menace, signaling that its mission was ruin.

"Sir, sir-r-r!" she stammered as she met old John. "The fire will soon be upon us! Young John is not here. Help me harness Jim into the plow!"

"W-w-what?" he stammered in reply, so dazed that he was like one palsy-stricken.

Hannah flew out of the house and, quickly unharnessing Jim, attached him to the plow. Fat Mrs. Futherly was better in an emergency than one would have supposed. She now came up bravely, like an old-fashioned Dutch cruiser at a critical moment in the battle hour.

"You drive the horse, Mrs. Futherly, and I'll hold the plow, and we will make a furrow all about the buildings. Oh, if Mr. Blasland would just help and burn the grass on the prairie side of the furrow!"

Hannah was more deferential in her style of address than was the housekeeper. The latter was plain and peremptory. "Here, here, old John! Come and help!" she screamed, in the same breath giving the order: "Git up there lively, Jim! Up with you, git-t-t!"

She resumed her command to the ranchman: "Burn the grass all outside the furrer! Quick, sir, quick! We will all be burnt to a cinder if you don't fly round! Git up there, Jim! *Faster*, old boy!"

After this last equivocal order, the housekeeper, rosy and puffing, skillfully steered Jim down the east side of the farm-house. Hannah guided the plow, its muscles swelling in her firm, shapely hands and along her bared brown wrists. Her eyes glanced downward to see that the plowshare was running right, and then they were lifted to the heavens. Those deep eyes of blue were filled with prayer's reverent supplication.

"God help us, God help us!" she murmured. Behind the plow tottered the old ranchman, kindling the grass outside the furrow, and leaving a rapidly widening space of black, fire-ravaged ground between the ranch buildings and that awful conflagration driving over the prairie.

"Now the north side!" said Hannah. "The east side is of the most consequence. Ready!"

"Git up-up-up, Jim! Come on, old John!" screamed Mrs. Futherly. The smoke was now all about them, but Hannah would say: "The east side is safe! Thank God!" and press stubbornly on.

But where was young John? More than once Hannah had prayed: "God keep him!" Had he been overtaken by that awful fire, scorched, suffocated, burnt to death? He was somewhere out on the prairie. His horse was swift. His pluck was great. He knew the prairie; but there was that terrible engine of flame, without wheels, yet rolling on, the horrible dragon of fire, without wings, yet steadily flying! Who could escape all this?

The north side had been furrowed and burnt over, when Hannah caught the quick beat of horse's hoofs, and on came beautiful brown Betty, bringing her master, young John!

"Thank God!" he shouted as he leaped from Betty's steaming back, kissed Hannah, and then seizing the plow-handles, cried: "Leave this west side and go for the south side! Quick! Run, Hannah, fast, and be firing the grass up in the southeastern corner!"

There was a crouching form that soon appeared, a torch in his wrinkled hand. His face was blackened by the soot of the burnt prairie. "*He* don't see me! *He* don't notice me. *He* kissed *her*. I've been scorched and singed. They don't notice me," muttered old John.

They did notice him when the work of saving had been completed, when out of a wide, blackened waste rose up the uninjured buildings, safe behind that long, protecting furrow. They found him lying insensible at one exposed corner, an expired torch in his hand. The heat, the excitement of the unusual effort at his age, had overcome him. They carried him to his bed. What did he murmur at last?

"Nobody cares for me here," he moaned. "Send for my John!"

"Your son?" asked young John. The sufferer bent his head in assent.

"Nobody cares for me here," he then murmured again. "Send for him!"

"We will; but we care for you, grandpa," said Hannah. "We are your John's children."

"W-w-what?" asked the old man, the faded brown eyes opening wide in astonishment.

"Yes, grandpa," said young John, "Hannah and I—we—we are brother and sister; and—and—we thought if we came, sometime it would come about that we could tell you, and you would hear us, and you would be reconciled to father and be willing to see him, and—"

The old man here broke in with a cry that came out of a heart once more tender and sincere: "Thank God! Bless you, bless you, and send for my John!"

"My John" came, and the coming wrought wonders in the old father.—Edward A. Rand, in Golden Rule.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - DEC. 5, 1890.

A BALTIMORE police census, just finished, shows 21,276 more people than reported by federal enumerators.

OF the 25 Senators chosen at the late election in this State, 22 are new men, and of the 203 members of the House, 120 are new Representatives.

BLAINE told a number of members of Congress at the President's reception, Friday evening, that the passage of the McKinley tariff resulted just as he expected at the late elections.

PARNELL has issued a manifesto indicating that he intends to remain in the leadership of the Home Rule party. He is strongly opposed by many of his followers. Gladstone has announced that either himself or Parnell must withdraw.

TWENTY-THREE dollars is the amount of money that every man ought to have in his pocket if the money in the country was equally distributed. Those who have over that amount should either spend it or lend it to put it in circulation.

THE State Board of Canvassers of Connecticut, consisting of the Secretary of State, the Treasurer and Comptroller, met at the Capitol at Hartford on Wednesday of last week. The official canvass of the total vote for Governor is as follows: Morris (Dem.), 67,664; Merwin, (Rep.) 62,975; all others, 3,662. This gives Morris 27 majority over all. He will be the next Governor of Conneticut.

THE estimate for the regular appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, aggregate $358,545,36—an increase of $54,572,174 over the estimates for the current year; and for the permanent annual appropriations $129,486 808—an increase of $20,888,368, making the total estimate needs of the Government for the next fiscal year $481,032, 169—a total increase of $75,460,529. These estimates do not include appropriations for rivers and harbors. What do the taxpayers think of this lavish expenditure of their money?

A SPECIAL dispatch to the New York *Mail and Express* from Albany in that State on Tuesday sets afloat a strange story to the effect that peace has been patched up between Cleveland and Hill. Colonel Dan S. Lamont has had several conferences with the Governor lately. This would indicate that something of more than ordinary importance was under discussion. If this is true that peace has been declared it means that Hill will be the next United States Senator and will leave the track clear for Cleveland in 1892. Roswell P. Flower is reported to have been slated for Governor.

REPRESENTATIVE OATES, of Alabama, is at work upon a bill, which he will shortly introduce in the House, providing for an income tax upon all annual incomes in excess of $10,000, in order to help raise the money needed to pay pensions. Col. Oates says his bill will probably not be passed by this Congress, but it will be discussed, and if public sentiment favors it, and he thinks it will, it may be passed by the Fifty-second Congress. It is absolutely certain that in the near future either the pension rolls of the Government will have to be revised and reduced or some means of raising a larger revenue adopted.

IN the House at Washington on Monday Representative Dockery, of Missouri, offered for reference a resolution reciting that it is alleged that 12 Senators and 15 Representatives pending the passage of the Silver bill, were admitted to partnership in various silver pools by which they realized $1,000,000 profits in the advance of the price of silver after the passage of the act, and directing the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures to inquire into all the facts and circumstances connected with the alleged purchase and sale of silver. The committee shall have leave to send for papers and persons and to report at any time.

THE reports received at the War Department at Washington, on Monday from the locality of the threatened Indian hostilities are much less favorable than has been the case for several days past. The dispatches received indicate that between one and two thousand of the Indians who have refused to come into the Rosebud Agency in response to the agent's orders, have started westward toward what are known as the Bad Lands. In their stampede they have commited depredations on the cabins and stock of friendly Indians who went into the agency. General Brooke telegraphs this information is not from his own scouts. He expects, however, to have fuller information soon.

THE *National Democrat* which was established in Washington one year ago by Edward Hudson, with the endorsement of many of the great leaders of the party, has entered upon its second year with a circulation of 40,000 copies each week. This is perhaps the largest circulation ever attained by a weekly paper during the first year of its existence. The *National Democrat* occupies a field of its own, and one that to long remained unfilled. It gives a complete record of political information, including the most important speeches that are delivered by Democratic leaders in Congress and on the stump. It is rendering the party an important service, and should be read by all who wish to keep fully informed in regard to public affairs and who mean to defeat the wicked scheme of the Republican leaders to secure permanent control of the Government, in spite of the fact that they are, and must remain, the minority party in this country.

THE suspension of the banking firm of Johnston, Buck & Co., of this place, Carrolltown and Hastings, is an unfortunate calamity for the people of central and northern Cambria. Its effects will be far reaching and felt by many, but it is to be hoped the confidence the people have in the integrity and business management of the firm, and especially in A. W. Buck, the resident partner and cashier, will enable it to overcome its difficulties, avoid an assignment and prevent the winding up of its affairs by the sudden collection of its securities. Its assets are composed entirely of the notes of our people, who, having found themselves in need of money to carry on their business, to make payment for their farms or homes or to tide themselves over some pressing financial stringency have found it necessary to become borrowers from the bank.

Many no doubt have borrowed with the intention and expectation of paying part of their indebtedness when their notes became due and of getting a renewal for the balance, believing it better to pay interest than to sacrifice some produce, or stock that perhaps at the time was unsalable.

It is not the old business men or the old farmers that would be pushed to the wall during such a financial panic as the enforced liquidation of the assets of Johnston, Buck & Co., would create in this county. It is the beginners, the men who at the end of the next decade may be either prosperous or poor as the result of this financial crisis; the half fledged business men who with small capital but lots of energy are struggling for a foothold in their business; the young farmers, who after several years of hard work and saving find themselves the purchasers of farms and are meeting their payments as they become due by the sale of their stock and produce and when they can't sell, borrowing from the bank until such time as they can sell to advantage; to these the sudden, enforced collection, by the strong arm of the law of all the assets of the suspended firm, means a great loss; to some it means financial ruin and sends them back to the place of beginning with several payments lost and several years of honest toil thrown away.

It is not alone the notes of the banking firm that would be collected but others, holding notes against the same people, finding the banking firm pushing for the money due them would become uneasy, credit and confidence would be destroyed and in the financial panic that would ensue the debtors along with others who do not at present feel that they are interested, would lose more than the entire liabilities of the suspended firm.

To those who are indebted to the suspended firm the granting of the extension asked for means much; but to the entire community who are prosperous, happy and contented when business goes smoothly along the prospect of a financial panic in the county is not a pleasing event to contemplate and every available means should be used to avert it. Give the suspended firm a chance and help them on their feet. They have been struck, cyclone like, by a sudden and unexpected loss, but through no fault of theirs. The examination of their affairs by a committee of business men, in whom we all would trust, shows they have ample assets to meet their liabilities and but the more firmly establishes the business probity and integrity of the firm. The forbearance of their creditors will make their loss lighter, enable them to be more lenient with their debtors and may be the means of saving a number of our people from financial ruin.

THE lessons of the election, says the Philadelphia *Herald*, seem to be lost on the Republican party. That is to say those things which the people voted against are still in favor with the controlling element in the party, and the Force bill is to be passed at whatever cost to the party and the country. The discussion of the Republican Senatorial caucus last (Monday) admits of no other interpretation.

Thus history repeats itself. The Bourbons of all ages, countries and parties are blind to their own follies and refuse to learn when the lessons are plain. Of course it was not the Force bill alone that caused the recent political revolution. There were others and more potent causes considered by the people. But that was one of the measures which were condemned.

The Republican Senators have determined, however, to further incense the people against their party by passing the Force bill. It is to be taken up to-day and pressed until a vote is taken. It may be that this evil can be postponed until the close of the session, and it is possible that it will be ended in a month, but in either event the unpatriotic sentiment of the Republican Senators is shown.

THE next House according to a compilation made by the Clerk of the present House, a Republican, will stand 223 Democrats, 92 Republicans and 17 Alliance members. This gives a Democratic majority of 130 over the Republicans, or 147, counting the Alliance men as Democrats. One member is to be elected in Rhode Island, who will probably be a Democrat. Two districts are so close that the result is doubtful, but if they return Democrats, their majority, according to Democratic figuring at the capital, will be 161. This is by odds the largest majority any party has had in Congress since the organization of the Government. The Democrats will have twenty-four majority over a two thirds vote of the House, which will allow them at any time to suspend the rules and pass any measure they desire. Of the 17 Alliance men elected, they are all Democrats on the tariff question. Five Alliance Congressmen in Kansas, one in Minnesota and two in Nebraska were elected over both Democratic and Republican candidates.

THE National Farmers' Alliance is in session at Ocala, Fla. An effort will be made to unite the Knights of Labor with the Alliance in the formation of a third party.

The President's Message.

The President's message to Congress has been composed under the circumstances of irritation and difficulty, and it is chiefly noteworthy in showing how unable the writer is to adjust himself to the political situation.

Omitting that part of the message which refers to the detail of foreign and domestic affairs in the nature o. a historicial news summary, with no item of special interest, there is very little left to deal with in the way of criticism.

Apparently nothing has been accomplished toward the Behring Sea dispute, or the Fisheries dispute, or the promotion of reciprocal trade with Canada—these being the matters of chiefest interest in other foreign relations.

The operation of the Silver Bullion Purchases act; the vitally important bearing of pension legislation upon future Federal expenditure, and the faulty work of the Census Office, are dismissed by a mention, and without such discussion or recommendation as facts well known to the country would seem to make imperative.

The President reserves for careful treatment two topics—The McKinley Tariff law, and the Federal Elections bill, now pending in the Senate. As to both he is defiant, and apparently resentful of the adverse verdict of the county. He insists, with justice, that as those parts of the tariff act which were immediately operative have been on trial only sixty days, its permanent effects can only be conjectured. But he refuses to accept the evidence that convinced the voters of the country—the immediate adjustment of prices to the increased rates of duty. With some inconsistency, while denying that the tariff increases prices, he shows that the imports for November, 1890, were 8 per cent. greater that the imports for November, 1889. Does he expect the people of the United States to believe that they will have to pay less for goods which have been imported at higher cost? The worst feature of the McKinley act—its reciprocity clause turning over to the President authority forbidden to him by the Constitution—is the item the President singles out for particular commendation.

A great opportunity has been lost in that the Administration chooses to defy rather than to bend to the will of the people. The President could have pulled the teeth of the Democratic tiger by recommending to Congress a modification of the more exasperating features of the Tariff law, such as the increased tax on tinplate, wool clothing, and other articles of necessity.

And to crown his display of Stubbornness, the President closes his Message with a passionate argument in favor of the discredited Force bill, which has left him in the latter half of his administration utterly bereft of support in one-half of the country and thoroughly beaten in the other half. This was midsummer madness. If the Republican Congress shall not be any wiser after the event than the Republican President the party might as well disband. The country will have no further use for it.—*Phila. Record.*

Conservative Democracy.

During the only National Democratic Administrtion since the great War the progress of liberal and frugal Government was impeded by a hostile Senate.

There is strong ground to believe that the Democratic President elected in 1892 will have the co-operation of a Congress Democratic in both branches, including a Senate ready to confirm worthy nominations and to assist a sound American policy in dealing with foreign nations. Unless the Democracy fails to earn the continued confidence of the country, the change of Senatorial control will doubtless occur during the second half of the next Presidential term, if it shall not have been accomplished in the first half.

The prospect of undivided direction of National policy should operate to render Democrats not merely more industrious, but also more prudent. The greater the ultimate reward, the more essential circumspection as well as resolution in moving to attain it. Since only by Democratic error can the rich prize be lost, let us made certain that no serious Democratic error be committed.

The people have declared their abhorrence of Republican methods and their preference for the principles of Democracy. Their confidence given on the 4th of November will be continued so long as the representatives of Democracy live up to Jeffersonian standards. If they fail to do that, or even if they outrun obvious public need and desire in governmental changes, they will cease to command popular approval.

Conservatism is the guarantee of Democratic success.—*N. Y. Star.*

Too Cold for Suicide.

ELDORADO, Kan., Nov. 29.—Miss Jessie Gilmore, a handsome and very popular young society lady of Augusta, this State, having a misunderstanding with her betrothed, wrote farewell letters to her friends in the town and her lover in Burton, mailed them, and started for the Walnut River to jump in and put an end to her misery. She carefully prepared herself for the fatal plunge, but first tested the water, and, finding it too cold, her nerve failed, and she shivering re-adjusted her attire and sadly returned to her home. The letters had been read during her absence, and a search party organized to recover the body. She seems much crestfallen.

HOLDERS of mortgages which have been running more than twenty years should bear in mind that the legislative bill became a law last May, to take effect January 1, 1891, providing that the holder of any such mortgage shall within one year prior to the expiration of each and every term of twenty years thereafter, file a written statement with the county clerk, duly signed and acknowledged, giving the amount due and paid on the mortgage, with the date of the last payment made, names of the mortgager, the mortgagee, the owner of the mortgage, and the owner of the premises, which statement shall be duly indexed by the county clerk. The object of the law is to clear titles, making it unnecessary for purchasers of property to search back more than twenty years for mortgages.

A Safe Investment.

It is one which is guaranteed to bring satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purcease price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lung or chest, such as consumption inflammation of lungs, bronchitis, asthma whooping cough, croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

IN a late trial in Binghamton, N. Y., every juror on the panel who claimed not to have read of the case was challenged off, leaving 12 men who had read and discussed it, and court, lawyers and public are agreed that it was one of the fairest verdicts over rendering by a jury.

—It would save parents a great deal of trouble thinking what to buy for their children at Christmas by getting one of Carl Rivinius' Concert Roller organs. Each roller has a separate tune and can be had in unlimited quantity at 25 cents each.

Bank Failure.

PHILADELPHIA, November the 28.—The failure of B. K. Jamison & Co., bankers, was announced on the Stock Exchange this afternoon. The firm has closed its doors and made an assignment to Samuel Gustine Thompson. No statement of the liabilities or assets has as yet been made. The suspension resulted from the failure of the firm to realize on its assets.

About 2 000 shares were sold out on the Stock Exchange this afternoon for the account of Jamison & Co. The firm has always had a high reputation in financial circles, and the opinion was general this afternoon that the failure would not be a bad one or that no other moneyed institutions would be seriously affected thereby. The firm was the Philadelphia correspondent of a large number of country banks, and it is said that the failure was has ened in some degree by these ins Ruthns calling in their loans to the firm and closing the a counts in consequence of the present stress in financial circles.

B. K. Jamison, the head of the firm, said this afternoon: "Our affairs are in such a confused state at this time that I cannot say what our liabilities and assets will amount to. If we are pushed by our creditors we will probably not be able to resume. Then our liabilities will exceed our assets. A full statement is being prepared and will be made public in a few days." After the failure of the firm was announced on the Stock Exchange 1,100 shares of Northern Pacific, common and preferred Pennsylvania and Reading were sold under the rules. The liabilities are variously estimated at from $500,000 to $1,000,000, but no figures whatever have been given out on which to base this estimate.

A special from Harrisburg to the *Ledger* says: B. K. Jamison &. Co. have deposited with them $25,000 in State funds. The security of the State Treasurer is the bond of the individual members of the firm. State Treasurer Boyer left for Philadelphia at 7:30 this evening.

State Treasurer Boyer was seen to-night and he verified the truth of the report that the State has $25,000 deposited with B. K. Jamison & Co. He said the money was deposited there when he came in office and that he had allowed it to remain. He said that he had no fear that the State would lose the money through the firm's failure.

$170,000,000 For Pensions.

The Committee on appropriations has already fixed the regular appropriation for pensions for the next year at $133,173,085, and $1,500,000 for examining surgeons, etc. This sum with the deficit of about $35,000,000 that must be appropriated by the Congress that meets to day, will make the appropriations, for pensions, in round numbers, $170,000,000, with a reasonable certainty that there will be a deficit next year to be provided for by the new Congress.

It should be remembered that this enormous outlay for pensions must be largely increased as the now fully 1,000,000 of pending claims under the several laws are disposed of. Very few pensions have yet been granted under the new disability law of the last session, and when it is considered that there are some 600,000 applications under the new law and some 400,000 yet pending under the old laws, the public can understand why the pension expenditure is certain to reach or exceed $200,000,000 annually not la er than 1892.

Assuming that the McKinley tariff will reduce the revenues some $65,000,000 as all its leading supporters have stated it is safe to say that in 1892, when the new Congress will be compelled to face the full measure of the pension profligacy, there will be an annual deficit in the revenues of from $100,000,000 to $125,000,000, or more than double the entire expenses of the Government when the first Republican President was elected.

This enormous deficit will face the people and the present party of power in the national contest of 1892, and how will the leaders of that party propose to provide for the startling debt they have saddled upon the country? Will they appeal to the country to pay pensions which are not believed to be generally just, by increased taxes levied upon the people, in the face of the unexampled political revolution against oppressive taxes? They must either increase taxes or debt or both, or they must proclaim the necessity for a severe revision of our pension system. Which will they do?—*Phila. Times.*

The Force Bill.

The principal thing in President Harrison's message is a zealous recommendation that the Force bill should be taken up and pressed through Congress.

There is little need of any further argument upon this subject. This bill is simply a revolution. It's one purpose is to continue the dominant party in in power; and to this end its promoters are willing to destroy local self-government, to overthrow the rights of citizens and of communities, and to change a republic of free elections into a concentrated party despotism.

This scheme should be resisted determinedly, unyieldingly, uncompromisingly, by every Democrat. If necessary, every means of delay and obstruction should be resorted to in Congress. The mischiefs that are sure to arise from such a political revolution are so great and so great grave as to overshadow every other question.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist among Democrats concerning other subjects, let there be unity and cooperation concerning this. Preserve the liberties of the people! Put down the Republican conspiracy to destroy them!—*N. Y. Sun.*

Alabama Miners Out.

BIRMINGHAN, ALA., December 1.—The strike of the coal miners of Alabama went into effect to-day, but all the men did not go out, as expected. Of the 8,000 free miners in the State, it is estimated that 6,000 are out. The only sensational feature of the strike is a report that it was brought about by the efforts of Pennsylvania iron manufacturers, who want to cause a shutdown of the furnaces in this district, and it is claimed that these iron men have promised the miners strong financial support in the event of a prolonged strike.

A number of the mine operators here are going to fill the places of the strikers with negroes, and they expect, to immediately open their mines entirely with negro labor.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption Dr. King's new life pills, Bucklen's arnica salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. For sale at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

R. G. DUN & Co's (N. Y.) *Review of Trade* says: The speculative marks have been advancing. The rise in breadstuffs, has no increased foreign demand to justify it, but operators seem to conclude that monetary difficulties are all over and that they can carry all the grain until Europe is compeled to buy.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The Wellman Steel and Iron Company, at Chester, Pa., have shut down their Bessemer department for an indefinite period. This will throw several hundred men out of employment. Members of the firm decline to discuss the question, except to say that the disturbed state of the money market, the recent heavy failures in banking circles and the keen competition in Bessemer steel production are the ruling causes.

—Louis Faunlee and Eugene Carbotte, two French miners employed at the Westmoreland Coal Company's shaft at Irwin, became involved in a street quarrel on Saturday. Faunlee drew a revolver and shot his companion in the right breast, the ball passing through his lung. The physicians say that his condition is critical, but he may pull through. Strangely enough, the victim is trying to create the impression that the shooting was an accident, and does not want his murderous companion arrested.

—W. J. Sherry had his arm blown off by a shotgun near New Texas, Armstrong county, this State, on last Friday afternoon. Mr. Sherry is a clerk in the postoffice at Negley, Armstrong county, and is about 25 years old. He started to go hunting and rode over from Negley in a buggy with the gun between his knees. A sudden jerk of the buggy fired the gun, and the load of shot lodged in his arm near the shoulder. He was taken to the West Penn Hospital, where the mangled arm was amputated.

—Paddy McGraw, who was undergoing a sentence of twelve years in the Western Penitentiary for the murder of William, better known as "Tiny," Sloan, and had ten years to serve, escaped from that institution shortly after dusk on Saturday evening. He was accompanied by another convict named James Dolson, who was serving an eight years' sentence for robbery committed in Fayette county. They sawed a hole through the roof of the new wing and reached the street with the aid of a rope. At last accounts neither of the escaped convicts had been recaptured.

—Henry Long, a farmer living on Sycamore creek in West Virginia, while attempting to drive an ill-tempered stock bull into an inclosure, was attacked by the brute. The bull knocked him down and gored him through the shoulder and neck, one of the horns passing entirely through Long's body. The man would have undoubtedly been killed on the spot had not a neighbor, who had been hunting, arrived just in time to kill the bull as he was about to gore Long through the bowels. Long's injuries are believed to be fatal, The brute was notorious as a dangerous animal, Long being his third victim.

—Mrs. Kate Gass, wife of Charles Gass, of Allegheny, poured carbon oil on her clothes and set fire to them on Saturday morning. She died at noon on Sunday. Mrs. Jones, the next door neighbor, found Mrs. Gass in the back yard enveloped in flames. She wrapped an old piece of carpet around Mrs. Gass. Her clothing, however, had been almost entirely burned off and her flesh in many places was burned black. Mrs. Gass said before dying that she did not know why she had tried to end her life. She was deeply penitent. It is thought she was demented. She had three children and her home life was happy.

—Abner L. Dunn, a brave veteran of the Civil War, was buried at Burlington, Iowa, on Wednesday of last week. He died several days before at the age of fifty-six years, but in accordance with a request he had made the interment was deferred as long as possible. This was the second time Dunn had died, to all appearances. Several years ago, after a peculiar illness, the doctors pronounced him dead, and the body was placed in a casket. Shortly before the casket was lowered into the grave Dunn showed signs of life and in a few days was well and strong. The story of his experience was thrilling. He was conscious of everything that was going on about him, understood the conversation, could even see the faces of his family as they bent over him. But he could not speak or move. Afterward he had a dream of being buried alive, and it was for this reason that he made the request for delay.

Court Proceedings.

Continued from Third Page.

Commonwealth vs. James Headrick, larceny. Defendant plead guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine $5 and three months in jail.

Commonwealth vs. Vernon Ditzler, larceny and receiving stolen goods. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. J. W. Magehan, assault and battery. Jury find defendant not guilty on the grounds of partial insanity at the time the offense was committed. The prosecutor to pay one-half of the costs and the county the other half.

Commonwealth vs. Vito Guado, assault with intent to commit a rape. Jury find defendant guilty.

Commonwealth vs. John Haslete, larceny. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Oscar Holland, defrauding a boarding house keeper. Jury out.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, December 2nd, 1890.

Samuel Brallier and Viola Moyer, Jackson township.

William Evans and Catharine Ingram, Johnstown.

Harry D. Kuhn, Reade township and Sadie McCartney, Dublin township, Huntingdon county.

Amos Sulka and Kate M. Layton, Johnstown.

Alfred Prosser and Kate Walters, Johnstown.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

COMMON PLEAS TRIAL LIST.

Third Monday in December, 1890.

Indiana Co. Dep. Bank	vs. Anna.
Butterbaugh	vs. Cunningham et al.
Fisher et al.	vs. Roger et al,
Grevy	vs. Reade.
Cresswell	vs. Cole.
Farber	vs. Haywood.
Irvin	vs. Gill et al.
Irvin	vs Kutruff et al.
Kline	vs. Helett.
Miller	vs. McKay.
Carney	vs. Smith.
Sloan	vs. McMullen.
Use Wiley	vs. Humbert et al.
Murdock & Bro	vs. McKelvy et al.
Glasgow	vs. Shoemaker.
Gray	vs. Wyland.
Farrell	vs. Weakland.
Donohoe (assignee)	vs. Buck.
Nagle	vs. Rhody.
Saupp	vs. Washington Twp.

J. C. DARBY, Prothy.

Ebensburg, Nov. 3, 1890.

HASTINGS HOTEL.

H. J. SCHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.

Located at the Station, near the centre of the town, on Fourth Avenue. We endeavor to furnish the best accomodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Came to the ressidence of the undersigned in White township, Cambria county, Pa., in May last, a black and white speckled bull, apparently about eighteen months old. The over is requested to come forward, prove property, pay cearges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of as the law directs.

JOHN STABLER.

dec5,1890.

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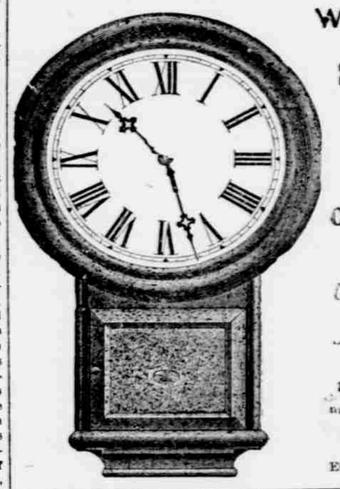

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W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN

Fine Calf and Laced Waterproof

The excellence and wearing qualities cannot be better shown than by the statements of its thousands of satisfied wearers.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, stylish dress Shoe, unequalled for style and easy fitting.

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All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

$3 & $2 SHOES FOR LADIES

have been most favorably received wherever introduced, and the recent improvements make them unsurpassed by any shoes sold at the prices.

Ask your Dealer, and if he cannot supply you, send direct to factory enclosing advertised price, postal for order blank.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

C. T. ROBERTS AGENT.

NOTICE TO PERSONS DESIRING TO INVEST IN

Borough Bonds

NOTICE is hereby given that the Borough of Ebensburg, Pa., is about to issue bonds to the amount of $6,000.00, in sums of $100.00 each, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, payable semi annually, for the redemption of which the individual holders are responsible so far as the individual holders are concerned. Persons desiring to invest in such securities will please make known at once to the undersigned the number of such bonds they wish to purchase. These bonds will be sold to the applicant presenting themselves, hence the necessity of prompt ness in making known the number of bonds desired.

E. E. LEONARD, Burgess.

Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1890.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT YOU CAN GET

Double Barrel Breech Loading Shot Guns at $6.50; Double Barrel Muzzle Loading Shot Guns at $4.50; Single Barrel Shot Guns at $2.00, and all other goods at equally low prices.

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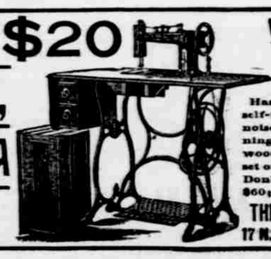
ONLY $20 HIGH ARM, PHILAD'A SINGER.



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Has Self-setting Needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the handsomest wood-work, and finest set of extra attachments. Don't pay agents $55 or $60, send for circular.

THE C. A. WOOD CO., 17 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.

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This old and reliable institution has prepared thousands of young men and women for the active duties of life. To those in want of a useful, practical education, circulars will be sent on application.

Sep12,5t. P. DUFF & SONS.

Some lives are like Horse shoes the more worn—the brighter. Busy wives who use SAPOLIO never seem to grow old. Try a cake...

A complete wreck of domestic happiness has often resulted from badly washed dishes, from an unclean kitchen, or from trifles which seemed light as air. But by these things a man often judges of his wife's devotion to her family, and charges her with general neglect when he finds her careless in these particulars. Many a home owes a large part of its thrifty neatness and its consequent happiness to SAPOLIO.

Grocers often substitute cheaper goods for SAPOLIO, to make a better profit. Send back such articles and insist on having just what you ordered.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - DEC. 5, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Cash paid for wheat and buckwheat at the Ebensburg Flour Mills of Driggs Bros.

—Col. John S. Miller, formerly landlord of the Blair House, in this place, spent a few days in town during the present week.

—About two inches of snow fell on Wednesday night, and along with what had previously fallen gives us pretty fair sleighing.

—Messrs. Driggs Bros. are putting in two new rolls in their grist mill in this place, in addition to the new machinery put in some time ago.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—The Concert Roller organ at Carl Rivinius' store is an instrument which every family ought to have. It is strong and will last a lifetime. A child can set it and play it with ease.

—Mr. Enoch Short of Carroll township, who has been absent for some time past at McKeesport, Pa., where he is working at bridge work, passed through this place on his way home on Thursday.

—For sale.—One of the cosiest six-room houses with lot 140x160 feet, having all necessary outbuildings, etc., and all in good repair. Will be sold cheap. Call on or address the editor of the FREEMAN.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—Mr. Frank Gurley, of this place, has removed with his family to Charleston, South Carolina, where he has accepted a position as clerk for a contractor on some government work that will last a couple of years.

—Several loads of very superior timothy hay have been brought to town by Mr. J. J. Kaylor. The hay can be seen at the stable of Mr. Langhlen, any orders left with that gentleman will be promptly filled at lowest rates.

—Furs! Furs!—Hunters and others should remember that G. L. Fredericks, of this place, pays the highest cash price for otter, mink, red fox, grey fox, raccoon, skunk, opposum and muskrat furs and skins.

—J. H. Topper, a fireman on the Pennsylvania railroad, whose home was at Derry, was almost instantly killed at Altoona on Saturday last, by being caught between an engine and a train of cars while making a coupling.

—George Hufnagle, of Barr township, indicted for the murder of young Burke in that township some time ago, on Wednesday entered into recognizance in the sum of $5,000 for his appearance at March court.

—Robert Johnston, aged about 80 years, formerly of Allegheny township, who has been an inmate of the Almshouse for several years past, died at that institution on last Sunday morning. In the days of the "old canal" the deceased was a boatman.

—It will very much expedite the opening of the banking house of Johnston Buck & Co., if any of the creditors who happen to be visiting Ebensburg will call at the bank and sign the paper granting the extension, instead of waiting to be called upon.

—On Wednesday night of last week, the large frame barn of Jacob Kemerer, in Franklin township, Westmoreland county, was destroyed by fire, including five head of horses, seven head of cows, a clover puller, fodder cutter, wheat, oats, corn, mows full of hay etc. The stock was all fine bred and valuable, one horse, Burton Prince, being an imported one and valued at $2,000.

—Mr. John B. Hopfer, of Carroll township, residing 7 miles north of Ebensburg, on the old plank road, will sell at public sale at his residence on Tuesday December 16th 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M. 4 work horses, 2 cows 3 yearlings, 5 head of sheep, 1-two-horse sled, 2 plows, 2 sets of heavy harness 1 fanning mill, 1 fodder cutter, 1 cutting box and a large lot of other articles too numerous to mention.

—Michael Dooley, who was considerably under the influence of liquor at the time, while eating supper at John Armstrong's restaurant in Johnstown, on Monday evening choked to death from a piece of meat lodging in his windpipe. The deceased was about fifty years of age, had been a resident of Johnstown, for some eight or nine years and leaves a wife and several children in Wales.

—David L. Goodman, employed as a trainman at the east end of the Altoona yard was struck by the locomotive of second section of Pacific Express on Wednesday morning and was instantly killed. The deceased met his death in attempting to save his little 10-year-old son from being struck by the cars. The boy was crossing the track when the father, seeing his danger, started for him and was killed. The boy escaped.

—The Indiana Deposit Bank, of Indiana, suspended payment on Monday, owing to the failure of B. K. Jamison & Co., of Philadelphia. The Deposit Bank has a capital of $100,000 of which Judge Harry White, owns $44,000. Judge White made a statement from the bank steps, saying that the bank was solvent, would pay dollar for dollar, and he himself could pay the entire indebtedness of the institution without disturbing his real estate, and that all he wanted was time enough to turn the bank securities into money.

—Mr. Evan Griffith, a well-known and respected citizen of Lilly, died at his home in that place, on Sunday last, in the 67th year of his age. The deceased was a brother of Edward Griffith, of this place, William Griffith, of Putnam county, Ohio, John Griffith of Clearfield county, and Mrs. Hannah Davis, of Wilkesbarre. For a number of years the deceased was a resident of Ebensburg, and during the term of office of Ex-Sheriff Griffith, deceased was the warden of the jail. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He leaves to survive him a widow and six daughters, Lizzie wife of William Baxter, of Red Oak, Iowa, Annie, wife of J. G. Lloyd, of Ebensburg, Sallie wife of —— Shaffer, of Altoona, Mattie wife of —— Kirby, of Summerhill township, and Millie and Hattie who are single and at home.

—Mr. Carl Rivinius wishes to inform the public that he has taken the agency in this county for the Concert Roller organ, the best organ yet made. Price, $12.00, including five rollers. You are invited to call and see it at his store and you can then judge for yourself.

Geo. D. Mitchell,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor of Pensions and Patents, Box 253, Washington, D. C Late Senate Pension Committee for last 7 years. If you like PROMPTNESS write me. Glad to give advice. oc31.6t

Court Proceedings.

On Monday Court met with his Honor Judge A. V. Barker, on the bench.

The first case called was the Commonwealth vs. James Kelly and Ann Kelly, surety of the peace. The prosecutor, Mrs. Kate McCarthy, was directed to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Patrick Darby, surety of the peace. Defendant to enter security in the sum of $100 to keep the peace.

Commonwealth vs. William Craig, surety of the peace. Defendant ordered to enter into recognizance in sum of $100 to keep the peace. Failing to get surety the defendant was sent to jail.

After the calling of the Bar list on Monday afternoon Col. John P. Linton, Chairman of the Committee on resolutions on the death of Judge Johnston, presented the resolutions. Addresses were made by the following members at the Bar: John P. Linton, George M. Reade, W. Horace Rose, Joseph McDonald, F. A. Shoemaker, W. H. Sechler, F. J. O'Connor, Jacob Zimmerman, Donald H. Dufton, Alvin Evans, F. P. Martin, H. W. Story, and his Honor Judge Barker.

Out of respect to the memory of the late Judge Johnston, the Court adjourned for the evening session.

On Tuesday morning the first case called was Commonwealth vs. Cæsar Lefore, surety of the peace. The defendant was bound over to keep the peace for one year.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. Henry Johnson alias Harry Williams, surety of the peace. Defendant was bound over in the sum $100 to keep the peace for six months.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. Clyde Lewis; incorrigibility, his father, Charles A. Lewis, prosecutor. The evidence showed that the boy had acted very bad and unmanageable. He was remanded to the jail for the present.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Mrs. Amanda Johnson and Miss Sarah Johnson, surety of the peace, Anna Herrington prosecutor. Defendant discharged and the county pay the costs.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Lizzie Bearringer, surety of the peace, Mrs. Clara Feathers, prosecutrix. the defendant was discharged and the prosecutrix pay the costs.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. John Smith, surety of the peace. The defendant was sentenced to pay the costs and enter into bail to keep the peace in the sum of $100 for six months.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. William Maghan, surety of the peace. James A. Larkin prosecutor. The defendant was sentenced to pay the costs and enter bail in the sum of $200 to keep the peace.

On motion of District Attorney O'Connor *nolle prosequi* were entered in the following cases:

Commonwealth vs. Bird Cornelius, fornication and bastardy; Alla Rickard, prosecutrix, the county pay the costs. Defendant dead.

Commonwealth vs. Lewis and Catharine Smith, surety of the peace, settled. Costs to be paid by the defendant.

Commonwealth vs. George Eberly, aggravated assault and battery. Peter Kaylor, prosecutor. The defendant to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Albert Eger, larceny. John W. Miller, prosecutor. Costs by the defendant.

Commonwealth vs. John Burns, obstructing an officer in the discharge of his duty. S. R. Varner prosecutor. The defendant to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Maggie Nightingale and Jacob Schmidt, larceny. John Smith, prosecutor. The defendant to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Simon Ream, fornication and bastardy. Jennie Livingtone, prosecutrix. Case settled and defendant to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Wm. Gettin, larceny by bailee. J. C. Pender, prosecutor. The prosecutor to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. W. C. Lewis, forcible entry and detainer. Ed. Keim, prosecutor The prosecutor to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. John Kearney, R. M. Davis, Chas. Collins, Chas. Walley, John Reilly, Bernard Reilly et al., riot. James J. Roddy, prosecutor. Prosecutor to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Rosie Nagle, surety of the peace. Defendant to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Ida Writes, fornication. Constable's return. County to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Mary J. Dishong, false pretense. Wm. Leslie, prosecutor. The prosecutor to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. John Inglert, surety of the peace. Mrs. M. Karl, prosecutrix. The prosecutrix to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. S. D. Elrick, assault and battery. Elizabeth Stormer, prosecutrix. The prosecutrix to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Michael Collins, larceny. The prosecutor to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Lome Griffith, larceny. The prosecutor to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. J. D. Ford, fornication and bastardy. Continued. The defendant not taken.

Commonwealth vs. Robert L. Hunt, fornication and bastardy. Continued. The defendant not taken.

Commonwealth vs. Watson C. Baldwin. Tearing down notices of Constable's sales and obstructing legal process. Indictment quashed.

Commonwealth vs. John Constable, larceny. Defendant plead guilty. Not sentenced.

Commonwealth vs. James C. Hendrick, larceny. Defendant plead guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Henry Hildebrand and Grant Knable, larceny. Jury find defendants not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Lemuel Griffith, cruelty to animals. Grand Jury ignored the bill. The prosecutor, S. F. O'Brian, to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. George W. Green, assault and battery. Defendant plead guilty and was sent to jail for 30 days.

Commonwealth vs. Jacob Jacoby, selling liquor to minors. Grand Jury ignored the bill. The prosecutor, William F. Cook, to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Kreiger Holtzman and George Holtzman, assault and battery. Jury find defendant not guilty but that he pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. George Lingerfelt, larceny. Defendant plead guilty.

Commonwealth vs. George W. Green, assault and battery. Defendant plead guilty. Sentenced to $10 fine and 30 days in jail.

Commonwealth vs. William Kohn, malicious mischief. Jury find defendant not guilty but that he pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Ambrose Riffle, malicious mischief. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of five dollars and costs.

Commonwealth vs. Peter Stormer, assault and battery. Jury find defendant not guilty and divided the costs equally between the defendent and the prosecutor, Edward Sharretts.

Commonwealth vs. George Eckley, assault and battery. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine $10 and costs.

Commonwealth vs. John Constable, larceny. Defendant plead guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $5 and go to jail for three months.

Continued on Second Page.

Suspension of Johnston, Buck & Co.

It is seldom that Ebensburg has anything to startle her staid and quiet movements, but the announcement on last Saturday morning about half-past ten o'clock that the banking firm of Johnston, Buck & Co., of this place, had suspended was calculated to quicken the business pulse of the community, and the news spread with almost as much rapidity as an alarm of fire. The bad news was, however, too true, as a card at the window of the banking house confirmed the report to all who wished to verify the fact by reading for themselves.

During the day the situation was the sole, absorbing topic of discussion in the town. In the stores, bar-rooms, street corners, and in fact, every place where two or three men got together, the financial situation was discussed and for once the local "bulls and bears" had a surfeit of talk on finances.

The direct and sole cause for the suspension was the failure of the banking house of B. K. Jamison & Co., of Philadelphia, which occurred on Friday last. With this firm Messrs. Johnston, Buck & Co. did business and at the time of their failure had deposited about $40,000. This amount of ready cash, suddenly taken from them and tied up, was certain to embarass them, and fearing a run on their bank, Messrs. M. J. & A. W. Buck, the surviving members of the firm, decided after a hasty consultation to suspend.

On Saturday afternoon the members of the firm informed a number of their creditors and caused the fact to be generally known that they would meet them at the Opera House at 7:30 P. M., for the purpose of explaining the cause of the suspension, and after a discussion of the situation, arrive at the best possible plan of settling with their creditors.

In the evening at the time stated, a large number of creditors met and organized by electing Judge Barker as chairman.

Mr. A. W. Buck, the cashier, then explained the cause of the suspension which, as we have stated, was due to the failure of B. K. Jamison & Co., and read a statement of the assets and liabilities of the firm, which he gave a follows: Assets, $253,680.57; liabilities, $238,448 57, and stated that if the firm was granted an extension and given time to collect their assets, every obligation would be met and the firm continue in business.

It was uniformly admitted by all that if the firm was compelled to make an assignment and the assignee to collect the assets by process of law, it would be a calamity that would be far reaching in its effects and cause distress that would require years for the community to recover from.

It was suggested that a committee of creditors be appointed by the chairman to examine the assets of the bank and formulate some plan for the adjustment of the suspended firm's affairs, to report at a meeting to be held on Monday night. The suggestion was adopted and John Lloyd and Webster Griffith, of Ebensburg, and John W. Sharbaugh, of Carrolltown, were appointed. The meeting then adjourned to await the action of the committee.

On Monday evening the adjourned meeting was held and the committee reported that after a careful examination of the affairs of the suspended bank, they found the liabilities to be $235,814 39; the assets to be $253,856.22; that the assets were all good—in fact, "gilt edged"—and that the firm held less than $250 worth of paper that could not be realized upon.

Messrs. Johnston, Buck & Co. then made the following proposition, which was the best possible plan that had been suggested to them.

THE PROPOSITION.

The firm of Johnston, Buck & Co. make the following proposition to their creditors, to take effect in the event of the plan of the committee appointed at the meeting on Saturday evening, November 29th, being accepted by their creditors:

1st. M. J. Buck and A. W. Buck, two of the members of said firm, will confess judgment, or place a mortgage or mortgages for the full amount of the value of the properties enumerated elsewhere in favor of a committee to be selected by the creditors, said committee to act as trustees in said judgment, mortgage or mortgages for the benefit of creditors of Johnston, Buck & Co., and the judgment to be entered, or mortgages recorded in every county where said real estate is situated, The time when such judgment or mortgages shall fall due is to be the first day of January, 1893.

2nd. They will pay their entire indebtedness in the following manner, namely: On Monday, the 5th day of January, 1891, or sooner at their option, if all signers to the proposed extension are secured, they will pay each of their creditors 25 per cent. of his, her or their claims. On the first day of July, 1891, they will pay an additional 25 per cent. to each creditor, with interest on said payment at 4 per cent. from January 1st, 1891. On the 5th day of January, 1892, they will pay an additional 25 per cent. to each creditor, with interest on this payment at 4 per cent. from January 1st, 1891. On the 1st day of July, 1892, they will pay the final installment of 25 per cent. with interest on this payment from January 1st, 1891. The firm reserves the right to anticipate any one of these payments, in whole, at their option, upon ten days' notice to each and every creditor.

The properties upon which it is proposed to place the liens referred to are as follows:

100 lots of ground in Altoona valued at $50,000, upon which there is unpaid purchase money of about $1,350; one-half interest in 466 acres of valuable coal and timber land in Summerhill township valued at $5,000; fine dwelling property of M. J. Buck in Baltimore valued at $14,000, upon which there is unpaid purchase money of $4,000; one-half interest in lot of ground, house and store building in South Fork valued at $4,000; Carrolltown Bank block valued at $9,000; fine dwelling of A. W. Buck and five lots of ground in Ebensburg valued at $8,500; one-half interest in lot of ground in Wilmerding valued at $1,250, making a total valuation of $86,400.

JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.,
M. J. BUCK,
A. W. BUCK.

The proposition was favorably received and after some discussion it was resolved that a committee of three, consisting of Geo. M. Reade, Alvin Evans and M. D. Kittell, Esquires, be appointed to draw up a paper for the signature of the creditors, accepting the suspended firm's propositon. The three gentlemen then retired to the law office of Mr. Kittell, where a paper in accordance with the proposition was drawn up and on their return was signed by forty-five of the creditors, including some of the largest depositors, and nearly all who had remained in the house. On motion it was agreed that the chairman appoint three gentlemen to act as trustees and plaintiffs in the judgments or mortgages to be confessed by the firm, for the purpose of placing the real estate of the firm in hands of the trustees for the security of their creditors. The chair appointed Messrs. John Lloyd and Webster Griffith, of Ebensburg, and John W. Sharbaugh, of Carrolltown, as the trustees to be named in the bonds and mortgages.

Messrs. Alvin Evans, M. D. Kittell and Geo. M. Reade, Esquires, were appointed a committee to obtain the signatures of the creditors to the papers granting an extension to the firm, when the meeting adjourned.

The following named creditors, most of whom were present at the meeting, signed the paper in this place:

M. D. Kittell.	A. E. Sender.
Web. Griffith.	O. A. Thornhill.
J. Lloyd & Sons.	E. R. Duncan.
Jno. Lloyd.	Simon F. Nagle.
J. W. Sharbaugh.	Silas A. Ryan.
Alvin Evans.	Andrew Strittmatter.
J. W. Leech.	Jno. T. Davis.
A. V. Barker.	H. A. Englehart.
Geo. M. Reade.	Jno. A. Blair & Son.
F. H. Barker.	F. D. Saupp.
Philip Hartman.	L. A. Graver.
P. J. Dietrick.	M. D. Hearey.
Eckenrode & Hoppel.	Jno. Ludwig & Sons.
Andrew Eckenrode.	Samuel W. Davis.
C. J. Blair.	Walter S. Davis.
D. A. McGough.	Nathaniel Davis.
P. L. Eck.	Jno. O. Farren.
Geo. J. Myers.	J. Wilkinson & Son.
Joe Hearey.	Jos. R. Blair.
Jno. Buck.	Cyrus W. Jones.
Enterprise Lumber Co	T. Griffith & Sons.
Driggs Bros.	Jno. Owens.
D. G. Myers.	R. L. Thomas.
J. L. Rhody.	W. A. Scanlan.
Jno. G. Lloyd.	W. C. Shields.
J. T. Lonz.	Jas. G. Hasson.
Robt. Scanlan.	F. W. Gurley.
Thos. Peech.	Dr. Griffith.
John McNally.	M. E. Davis.
Jno. Inman.	C. Revinius.
A. A. Hibbs.	J. A. Kinkead.
A. A. Harvey.	T. D. Evans.
D. J. & J. J. Davis.	Jas. M. Thompson.
W. W. McAteer.	Fes. Lloyd.
John Abrams.	Geo. Huntley.
Michael Donohhe.	Josue D. Parrish.
Thos. J. Hughes.	E. C. Parrish.
Thos. Hoover.	T. M. Richards.
Rev. J. J. Deasy.	Richards & Reese.

Duplicate copies of the same have been sent to other places for the signatures of creditors who would find it inconvenient to come to Ebensburg. The suspension, assets and liabilities include the banking houses of the firm at Carrolltown and Hastings, as well as at Ebensburg.

The Nicelys Break Jail.

SOMERSET, Pa., November 30.—Joseph and David Nicely, who were under sentence of death for the murder of Herman Umberger, in this county, in February, 1889, broke jail at 7 o'clock Saturday evening and escaped, with two other prisoners. The escape was effected by sawing locks from the cell door and from a door leading from the attic, where a hole was made through the brick wall. The prisoners reached the ground by means of a rope taken from a hammock in their cell. They had been gone fifteen mintues before the alarm was given. Searching parties were organized at once, and are now scouring the country. On account of the darkness the criminals may reach the mountains and escape.

The escape is attributed to carelessness, as the jail is a new one, made of steel, and could not be broken if properly locked. An old man, named Queer, who was confined in the jail on a charge of arson, attempted to follow the Nicelys down the rope and fell fifty feet to the ground, breaking his leg in two places. His cries gave the alarm.

The citizens assembled in the court house, and, in a few minutes, subscribed a large sum to defray the expenses of the search and rewards for the capture of the fugitives. No definite clew has yet developed.

The Nicely-Umberger case is one of the most famous of recent years in Western Pennsylvania. Herman Umberger was an aged, and wealthy farmer, who had no confidence in banks, and was known to have a large sum of money hidden in his house, on a lonely road near Ligonier. One night, nearly two years ago, two men called at the house when Umberger, his aged wife, a domestic and a little girl were the only occupants. A demand was made for money, and, when it was refused, Umberger was shot, the women and child were overpowered and $30,000 in cash carried away.

The Nicely brothers, sons of the wealthiest farmer in Somerset county, were arrested for the crime, and convicted on evidence that was strong, although entirely circumstantial. The Supreme Court sustained the lower Court, and since then the fight for their lives has been before the Board of Pardons. The last appeal was made at the last meeting, and the Board decided not to interfere.

Nearly a year ago the Nicelys broke jail, after almost killing their keeper. They were recaptured and sent to Indiana county for safe-keeping until a new jail could be built in Somerset county. This was completed only a month ago, and they were confined in it but a short time.

Two of the Nicelys' relatives were in the town yesterday, and it is supposed they had helped from outside. A reward of $300 for their recapture has been offered.

SOMERSET, Pa., Dec. 1.—David Nicely, one of the four prisoners who escaped from the county jail on Saturday night, was recaptured this morning, and is again locked up. William Farner, a young farmer, residing a mile from town, who was all of yesterday and last night aiding in the search for the escaped prisoners, returned home before daylight this morning and found Dave Nicely secreted under some hay in Ferner's stable, with his leg and arm broken.

Nicely surrendered without trouble. He was almost dead from exposure, being thinly clad and suffering great pain from his injuries. While escaping he fell from the rope, breaking his leg and arm. His companions were also more or less injured while escaping, but they are now safe from their pursuers.

SOMERSET, Pa., Dec. 2.—Joseph Nicely, one of the escaped murders of Herman Umberger, gave himself up to a 17 year old boy in a farmers farn, not over half a mile from Somerset, to-day. He was nearly exhausted from hunger and cold and suffering from a badly sprained ankle. The owner of the farm, J. J. Barclay took him to his house, bathed his nearly frozen feet in cold water, dressed his hand which was baely cut and torn, gave him a good dinner and took him back to the Somerset county jail.

Ten Nights in the Barroom.

Last night the Carl Brehn Company made their second appearance at the Central in the new version of "Ten Nights in a Barroom. R. W. Stewart, as Joe Morgan, the drunkard, showed the downward career of the poor inebriant, his delerium scene being especially fine. W. Forey Kapman as Simon Slade. The Landlord from the beginning to the end, was a finished piece of acting. Will C. Whitlock and May Lewis as Sample and Mehitable kept the audience in roars of laughter. Master Eddie Sinclair as May Morgan, has a bright future. He is possessor of a fine voice and many in the audience were moved to tears. We congratulate Manager Brehn on having surrounded himself with such a company of artists.—*Scottdale Independent.*

At the Opera House, Ebensburg, on Monday evening, December 8.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison

Buckien's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Died.

ABRAMS.—Died at his home in Cambria township, on Friday, November 28, 1890, Mr. David Abrams, aged about 85 years.

TAKE FOR

RHEUMATISM

GOUT, BACKACHE, Pains in the Side, the Chest and the Joints, Neuralgia, Sprains, etc., etc., the

IMPORTED

"ANCHOR"

PAIN EXPELLER

IT IS AND WILL EVER BE

The BEST, UNEQUALED REMEDY.

Used with great success in the Imperial and Royal General Hospital of Vienna and many others.

One Thousandth Testimonial out of Thousands:

TUSCOLOSA, ILL., Jan. 29, '90.

Your Anchor Pain Expeller is really excellent. One of our Sisters, suffering from Rheumatism for years, could find nothing to cure her but your Anchor Pain Expeller.

SCHOOL SISTERS DE NOTRE DAME.

50 Cents a bottle.

OF MOST DRUGGISTS, OR DIRECT FROM

F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,

210 Broadway, New York.

European Houses: Rudolstadt, Gry, London, Vienna, Rotterdam, Prague, Kunstein, Olten, Nuremberg, Leipsic.

20 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

FREE Books about other Anchor Remedies on Application.

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On the Tidal Wave.

The Great Weekly Newspaper of the Family, the Merchant, the Farmer and the Mechanic.

1891.—The Pittsburgh Post.—1891.

All the News,
Literary Department,
Great Serial Novels.
Political Comments,
Social Happinings,
Race Correspondence.
WITH THE
Most Thorough and Reliable Market Reports Printed.

The year 1891 promises to be one of greatest interest at home and abroad to newspaper readers. The Pittsburgh Weekly Post is the largest, as it is admittedly one of the best Democratic weekly papers in the United States. Each issue contains twelve pages, or four more than the usual size of city weeklies. With increasing facilities for gathering and printing the news, it will interest and entertain its readers as never before.

POLITICAL.—The closing year has been crowned by unparalled Democratic victories in the State and nation. With the new year Governor Pattison will enter upon his duties. The ground work of the great Presidential battle of 1892 will be laid this year. Congress and the State Legislature will be in session. The Weekly Post will gather all the political news so important to every well-informed Democrat, and will discuss it with fairness and candor from the standpoint of Democratic principles.

LITERARY.—During the year this department of the The Weekly Post will be of unsurpassed value and interest to the family circle. Several romances by the foremost authors of the day will succeed each other. In book form any one of them would cost a year's subscription. Valuable miscellaneous, choice poetry, humorous sketches will add their attractions.

NEWS.—We challenge comparison with the complete record of the world's history we give each week. Correspondence from the national and State capitals, New York, and other American cities, as well as from Europe, by able writers, will add great interest to this department by life-like description of men and events.

THE MARKETS.—The Weekly Post for years has had a reputation with country and city merchants and dealers for its full and reliable market reports, being telegraphic quotations down to the day of publication. Its cattle and produce markets are especially commended.

TO SUM UP.—It is the aim to make The Weekly Post a welcome visitor to every fireside, an honest and faithful guide in politics, and in all respects a readable, bright and newsy journal of which the subscriber as well as the publisher may take an honest pride.

PREMIUMS.—It is impossible to include in this announcement our premium list to subscribers. Send by postal card for a copy. The list includes valuable books as well as cash premiums.

THE DAILY POST.

No one who desires to be well informed and abreast of the times can do without his daily or weekly paper, bringing him in close touch with the whole world of business, industry, finance, legislation and politics.

The Pittsburgh Daily Post prints all the news. Terms for The Daily Post:

By mail, one year, $8, postage prepaid; six months, $4, three months, $2; one month, 70cts. Send for a sample copy.

THE WEEKLY POST.

The Pittsburgh Weekly Post contains 12 pages each week—84 columns of reading matter.

Single subscription, postage prepaid, one year, $1.25.

In clubs of five or over, postage prepaid, one year, $1.

An extra copy, or its cash equivalent, for every club of ten subscribers. Send for free sample copy. Address THE POST PUBLISHING CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

B. & B.

SEE SAMPLES

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SPECIAL BLACK GOODS VALUES

before you buy a black dress. Samples cost you nothing, and will save you dollars.

46 inch (note the width) All Wool Black Cashmeres, 66c.—regular value, 75c.

46 inch All Wool Black Serge, 50c., very remarkable value.

50 inch Black French Serge, 75c.

42 inch All Wool Black Cheviottes, 50c.—worth 75c.

46 inch Black Silk Wrap Cashmeres at $1.00, $1.10, $1.25—the present market price on these qualities is $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, respectively.

Higher prices are talked of on all sides. We will be a little peculiar and adhere to old prices.

Catalogue and Samples free.
Superior mail order facilities.
Try us.
Satisfaction guaranteed, also lowest prices.

BOGGS & BUHL,

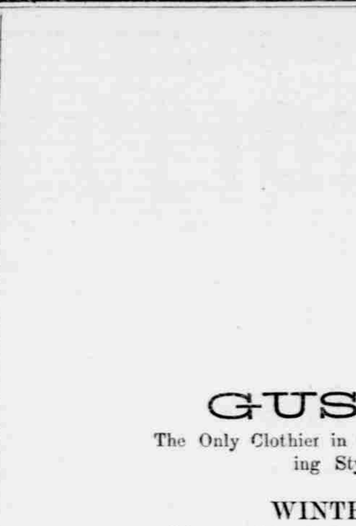
ALLEGHENY, PA.

COMMON PLEAS TRIAL LIST.
Second Monday in December.

Indiana Co. Dep. Bank	vs. Anna.
Fisher et al.	vs. Rager et al.
Vivian	vs. Williams et al.
Langenheim & Shephard	vs. Parish.
Rutledge & Miller	vs. Confer et al.
Pringle	vs. Pringle.
Gray	vs. Gray & Wyland.
King	vs. Cook et al.
Wyland	vs. Kinports.
Cresswell	vs. Cole.
Irvin	vs. Gill et al.
Irvin	vs. Kutruff et al.
Kline	vs. Elliott.
Miller	vs. Sarm et al.
Anna	vs. Notley.
McGary & Son	vs. P. R. R. Co.
Gallagher	vs. Baker et al.
Same	vs. same.
Malchonson	vs. Loughry.
Wilson	vs. Myers et al.
Kunkle	vs. Fondelier et al.
Flick	vs. Adams.
Yost	vs. Diehl et al.
Klein	vs. Diehl et al.
McCawley	vs. Vaughn.

J. C. DARBY, Prothy.
Ebensburg, Nov. 3, 1890.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7-19-90



The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, Conn., May 5, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

SIRS:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.

Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLLINGS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.

Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows *no bunch on the joint.*

Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, La., May 3, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.

I remain yours,
MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

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THE SUN

FOR

1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinion about men and things and some people don't; but everybody likes to geth hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never weakening or wavering in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed on the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read *The Sun.*

Daily, per month,	$0.50
Daily, per year,	6.00
Sunday, per year,	2.00
Daily and Sunday, per year,	8.00
Daily and Sunday, per month,	0.70
Weekly Sun, one year,	1.00

Address THE SUN, New York.

ALEXANDER F. MAY,
CATERER,
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining and Lunch Rooms,
614 Penn Avenue, - PITTSBURG, PA.

Weddings, Parties, Luncheons, etc., supplied with every requisite, to any available point, by rail or other conveyance. Special and prompt attention given orders by mail or telephone. August 22, 1890-3m.

SALESMEN WANTED.

A good chance to secure a paying situation for the dull winter months. Each salesman furnished with a complete outfit illustrating and describing New Fruits, etc., that sell readily. Salary and expenses from start. Write for terms.

HOOPES, BROS. & THOMAS,
Maple Avenue Nurseries,
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GUS. SIMON,

The Only Clothier in Cambria County Who Carries the Leading Styles at Popular Prices.

WINTER OVERCOATS.

Out, away and above the famous bargain sales of Overcoats with which Gus. Simon has surprised his customers during the season, will be the special event of this and next month. It will be a most extraordinary, exceptional and remarkable affair.

Don't make light of this announcement. If you need an Overcoat, Gus. Simon is not the man to cry "wolf!" when there is no wolf. Rely on it when this great clothier rings the "bargain bell" a sumptuous feast of low prices is on the table. And the house is open for all; the hand of hospitality and genuine friendship is extended to everybody. No lines drawn here; no classes recognized. The rich man's dollar is as good, but not a whit better than the poor man's hundred cents. But in order to give you an idea of what this big special sale for the coming event means, we will call your attention to the bona fide reductions:

All Men's Overcoats which formerly retailed at $8 and $9 have been reduced to $5 and $6, while those that formerly retailed at $10, $12 and $15, will have to "walk the plank" at $8, $10 and $12 respectively. In the finer grades the slaughter is even worse. Regular $18 and $20 Men's Overcoats have been marked down to $15 and $16, while the best, worth from $24 to $30, will be offered at $18 and $20.

Boys' and Children's Overcoats.

Boys' and Children's Overcoats have not been exempt from this reduction fever. Two dollars and fifty cents takes choice any time from the three twenty-five and three dollars and fifty cent lines. Four dollars buys your pick from the regular five dollar lines. Five dollars entitles you to a selection from the seven dollar line. Eight dollars gives you a choice from the ten dollar line, and so on. But Simon's liberality does not stop at reductions. The little ones will be especially remembered, for with every purchase in the Boys' Clothing or Girls' Cloak Department a handsome, use ful (and ornamental as well) present will be given free of charge.

Our Great Bargain Sale

Includes Ladies' and Children Coats and Cloaks, Plush Jackets and Coats.

Our Offer.

Remember your Fare is paid by me both ways, providing your purchases amount to or exceed TEN DOLLARS.

GUS. SIMON,

The People's Favorite Clothier and Merchant,

CHESTNUT STREET, CALLITZIN.

A. FOSTER,

Formerly of the Firm of Geis, Foster & Quinn,

Is Located at 247 and 249 Main Street, Johnstown, Pa.,

With a large and full stock of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Trimmings, Hosiery, Linens, Flannels, and Winter Goods.

Carpets and Oilcloths

of every description and everything in the line

SOME CURIOUS FACTS.

The Origin of Amber, Crystal and Pearls Explained by an Expert.

"Amber is curious stuff," said a collector of curios to a Washington Star reporter the other day. "It is only comparatively recently that its nature has been known, and even at this day very few people seem to have any notion as to what it is in reality. The ancients regarded it as altogether mysterious and even magical. They found that it was rendered electrical by friction so as to attract light substances, and our word 'electricity' comes from the Greek name for amber, which was 'electron.' A favorite puzzle with them was how the insects so frequently found in amber came to be so situated. Not as a modern poet has phrased it:

—that the thing was either rich or rare,
But how the devil did it get there?

"I have myself seen a chunk of very transparent amber in which a small lizard with five legs was encased, looking as if it might have been alive yesterday, though, doubtless, it had been dead for thousands of years. The mystery regarding this sort of phenomenon is easily enough explained when it is understood that amber is actually the fossil gum of an extinct kind of cone-bearing tree. In the process of hardening it imprisoned the flies and other creatures preserved in the chunks of it that are found to-day. It is discovered plentifully by digging in certain parts of the great plains of North Germany, where the strange tree once flourished. It is also found in considerable quantities along the shores of the Baltic, in the yellow sandstone. At Palmicken, in East Prussia, it is dug in regular mines; elsewhere it is picked from cliffs, and a good deal of it is gathered in the shape of nodules cast up by the waves. The finest specimen of amber in Europe is a cup made of that material, now at the Brighton Museum, England. It was found at Hove some years ago, together with weapons and utensils of stone and bronze, so it is evidently very ancient indeed. In the fourteenth century, and before amber was made into knives and forks with one prong, which were used by princes and church dignitaries, it was more valuable than gold then. Now it is worth from $2 to $50 a pound, according to its quality. The most important use made of it is for meerschaum and other pipes. Meerschaum, by the way, is a material dug out of the earth in Turkey; it comes in boxes holding fifty pounds, and valued at from $20 to $300. The dust and chips obtained from it in the process of manufacture are worked into pipes, this material being called 'imitation meerschaum.' Amber dust is melted, and the product is what is sold as 'amberine.'"

"What a very beautiful sphere of crystal this is!" said the newspaper man, taking in his hand a cool globe that looked like a huge dewdrop, which the collector handed him for examination.

"Yes, that is a pretty specimen. I suppose you are aware of the theory entertained by the ancients regarding such rock crystal. They thought it was actually ice frozen to great density by duration of time, congealed beyond liquidation. 'Krystallos' in Greek means 'ice.' The famous writer on natural philosophy, Pliny, who wrote more facts that were not true than ever any man collected together before or since, says the crystal is undoubtedly water frozen by cold so intense that nothing can melt it again. Roman ladies of that time were accustomed to carry such spheres as this one in their hands during hot weather for coolness. It was the thing also to have the material worked into wine jugs and other vessels. Nero had two drinking cups of crystal worth $3,000 each, and a crystal ladle also; but when he learned that he had lost his kingdom he broke them, lest they fall into the hands of any one else. A crystal lens was employed in Rome to kindle the sacred vestal fire. Great care was taken not to put the crystal ware in a warm place for fear that it would melt. The most remarkable discovery of crystal on record was made in 1867 above the Tiefen glacier by a party of tourists, a single cave in the granite yielding 1,000 crystals of from 50 to 100 pounds weight."

"And what is this?"

"That," replied the collector, "is a diminutive Chinese god, covered with a coat of pearl by a real pearl oyster. On such parts of the coast of the Flowery Kingdom as produce pearl oysters a regular business is often made of manufacturing pearls artificially by introducing into the shells of the live oysters foreign objects of various kinds. You doubtless know that the pearl is a morbid symptom in the bivalve. A grain of sand or some such substance getting into the oyster produces irritation and the animal protects itself by covering the objectionable particle with coating after coating of its own pearly secretion. The interruption of light by the successive coats of which the pearl is formed in this way gives it its beautiful luster. Taking advantage of this habit of the pearl oyster the ingenious Chinaman pries it gently open and puts in whatever he likes, may be a little figure of a god like this. The oyster goes to work and covers it with pearl, until after a few months the idol is a pearl idol."

FREAK OF A HAND.

Blown Through a Smoke-Stack and Caught on a Rod.

Friday, June 20, Frederick Miller and David Heller, two employes at the furnace at the rolling-mills, were killed by a premature explosion of Hercules powder while blasting out salamander from the bottom of the furnace, says the Brazil Times. Miller was standing directly over the drilled hole at the time of the explosion and was terribly torn and disfigured. Both arms were blown off, but one was found. Every effort to find the other arm proved fruitless until a month later. The workmen saw an object clinging to one of the stay-rods that help to support and keep in position the stacks on the top of the furnace. Through curiosity they climbed to the top and they saw a sight that not only filled them with horror but with wonder. There in full sight of all was a man's hand, with only the stub of an arm attached, tightly clasping the rod above mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the hand is that of the unfortunate Miller. The only theory known for the strange freak of the bodyless hand is that the hand was blown out the top of the high stack, and in coming down the muscles, still active, contracted when the hand struck the rod and fastened to it with a deadly grip. From the position in which Miller was standing the hand could not have reached the position it occupied other than in the above manner. The muscles could not have relaxed much after first contracting else the hand would have fallen.

Theory and Practice.

There is a good deal of difference between theory and practice, but no man can be a success without a sprinkling of both. Theory is the scaffold on which the laborers stand. It is the line which makes out the work; but without practice the edifice would not be reared, the work would not be done. Theory is the guide-board that tells the traveler where to go, but practice is the fellow that gets there. Both are necessary; both are good in their way; but too much of one spoils the other. Theory is a good thing to keep on hand for use in case of emergency, but it takes money to pay taxes. Without theory, though, you wouldn't have any thing to pay taxes on.—Ram's Horn.

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IN A ROMAN CONVENT.

The Life of Monks and Lay-Brothers Described by Dr. Parkman.

The lay-brother appeared at daybreak, and told me that in fifteen minutes I was to join the Italians in retreat, and go with them to mass, writes Dr. Francis Parkman, in Harper's Magazine. The mass was followed by another sermon, after which we were all summoned to coffee in the room where we had taken tea the evening before. The report of my heresy had got abroad, and I found myself an object of curious attention.

After coffee we were dismissed to our chambers for an hour, and then listened to another sermon in the chapel. This consumed the morning till eleven o'clock, when a bell rang for dinner, and monks and laymen together moved in solemn procession to the refectory. The monks went first, the Superior at their head, then followed the laymen, and while the procession was forming in the corridor they all kept up the dismal, unintermitted chanting. The refectory was a long, high, dimly-lighted hall. A table of bare wood was stretched across the farther end for the dignitaries of the convent, and was continued down both sides. Here, on right and left, sat the rest of the monks, forty or fifty in number, and the laymen sat below them, nearer the door. The seats were wooden benches, placed on the inner side of the tables only. On the wall over the heads of the dignitaries was a fresco of the Last Supper, as usual in refectories, while on the side walls hung grim pictures of saints with upturned eyes and palms pressed together. High up, near the ceiling, was a small pulpit. The entire hall was whitewashed above and panelled with oak below.

At the head of the tables stood the Superior, who was General of the whole order, a tall, portly man with a stern and austere countenance. The monks, motionless and in dead silence, stood ranged on right and left, robed in black from head to foot, and wearing on the breast the badge of their order—a heart surmounted by a cross. Their harsh, cadaverous faces bespoke the rigor of their discipline, which is extremely severe. When all were in their places the Superior raised his finger, and the whole assemblage broke out into another chant. When at last it was ended the finger was raised again, and all took their seats. Not a word was spoken; but a monk entered the pulpit from a narrow door in the wall, and in drawling, monotonous tones read a Latin sermon, which lasted throughout the meal.

He had hardly begun when a file of lay-brothers entered, each carrying a receptacle formed of three trays, one above the other, connected by an upright wooden rod, and holding a great number of bowls and small dishes. The monks were served first. Before them were set bowls of a dismal-looking vegetable soup, along with dishes of dried pease boiled whole, and swelled to a wonderful size by the process. Each then drew a cup, a fork and a wooden spoon from a drawer in the table, and with a rueful countenance proceeded to eat, first filling the cup from an earthen bottle of cheap wine which stood on the board before him.

We of the laity fared better, being served with rice, eggs, fish and dried fruit. The Italians seemed little edified by the Latin sermon, which few of them could have understood. The meal was followed by a prayer, with low responses from the monks, after which they all filed off through the dim galleries to their dens, looking like living originals of the dreary portraits ranged along the walls.

When I had got to my chamber and was refreshing myself with the Pioneers, one of them came in to convert me. "My father," said I, "I am afraid your kindness will be thrown away."

But he clapped me on the knee, and exclaimed cheerfully: "Ah, figlio, you will be a good Catholic soon. No doubt of it."

There was an amusing vivacity in him, quite different from his extreme solemnity when at dinner. In the course of his talk, which was rambling, though pious, he kept offering me his snuff-box, freely using it himself meanwhile; and when he thought he had made a good hit in his argument, he would wink at me with a comical look of triumph, on which we both fell to laughing. At length the bell rang for more prayers and sermons in the chapel, and this sprightly old apostle went back to his cell.

After the sermon the laymen were turned out to walk for a while in the convent garden, attended by Padre Luca. He was not, I think, one of the Passionist brotherhood, but a secular priest, and his pleasant, plump, good humored countenance contrasted strangely with the dry, leathery visages of the monks. As we walked up and down the paths, shaded with olives and oleanders, he took me by the arm and talked of matters of faith, stopping from time to time at the little groups of Italians, who, after reverently kissing his hand, began to chat and laugh with him in an easy familiarity, gracefully tempered with respect. He seemed to have their full affection and confidence, at which, judging by what I saw of him, I did not wonder.

UNINVITED VISITORS.

It Is to Be Hoped That All of Them Will Read This Article.

It seems as if measures ought to be taken to put an end to promiscuous visiting; in regard to which there is evidently no difference of opinion, writes a correspondent of the Country Gentleman. In these days of incompetent servants and anxious housekeepers, even the dearest friends can not feel quite sure of a cordial welcome. But when a horde of uninvited guests precipitate themselves with colossal effrontery upon a quiet, and perhaps frugal family, it becomes a most exasperating and intolerable nuisance. It is worse, if possible, than taking boarders, because visitors expect to be entertained—and liberally entertained—in many cases.

One of the most hospitable of hospitable Westerners said that he gave up his home and endured a boarding-house, because he was "tired of keeping a hotel." Another gentleman declared that he would put a small-pox notice on his house if it would keep away undesired visitors. And one lady wrote to some friends urging them pathetically to visit her, because now she would like to have some one in her house "whose society she could enjoy." A Western man, traveling with his wife and niece, thought it would be very fine to visit the Governor of a certain Eastern State. He never had seen any member of the family, but a niece of his had married one of his sons. He drove up to the house, and had his trunks deposited before the door. The Governor's wife, however, was a woman of dignity and determination, and the Western travelers did not see the inside of that stately mansion. They departed with trunks unpacked, and also with a good deal of wondering astonishment.

Of course, this cruelly destroys the beautiful halo surrounding the hospitable home with open doors ever ready for the entrance of "angels unawares." But when good Robert Collyer naively declares that he does not wish to "monopolize those angels," sinners surely may be pardoned if they, too, rebel.

Supposing each person should put this notice on his house—"No uninvited visitors received"—would even that be effectual?

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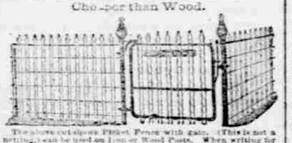

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CARE OF THE HANDS.

Little Things That Will Keep Them in Good Condition.

Probably there is no one thing that makes girls shrink from house-work more than the effect it has on the hands, especially in cold weather, says Health. It is a real trial to sit down to the piano and spread a stained, rough hand on the ivory keys; or to take one's pen in an unsightly hand to answer a letter; or to pick up a bit of embroidery, if it is only that on perforated hose, and use the needle when every thing that touches the hands sticks to them because of their roughness. Sewing on woolen or silk is at such times a severe penance. There are methods of preserving the hands measurably against the destructive effect of dish-washing, scrubbing and the like. They should be kept as much out of the water as possible, and when the work is done they should be washed clean and rubbed dry. Borax water is good for washing the hands. Coarsely ground oat-meal is a fair substitute for soap in washing the hands. White unscented soaps are the best, as the highly scented soaps are usually made of rancid fats. A solution of oxalic acid will remove fruit stains from the hands, but it must not touch an abraded surface. After washing and drying the hands thoroughly, glycerine and spirits of camphor in equal parts mixed together is good to rub over them. Cocoanut oil is a pleasant application. Wearing kid gloves two sizes too large is helpful in preserving the hands. One should have an old pair of gloves to take up ashes in, to sweep in and to wear in all dirty work that permits the wearing of gloves. If gloves are dipped in not very hot linseed oil they become waterproof, and may be worn while washing dishes. A pair of canton flannel mittens is pleasant to wear when hanging out the clothes on a cold morning. Frequent rubbing of the hands will promote circulation and keep the skin in good condition. To take the best care of the nails, soak the ends of the fingers in hot water for some time, until the skin is softened, then dry, and with a pair of nail scissors thin off all the dead skin about the nails and trim the nails neatly.

WOMAN'S HAPPIEST HOUR.

Love Has More to Do with It Than Any Thing Else.

I have had it suggested to me by a friend staying in the house at this time, writes "The Duchess" in the Ladies' Home Journal, that the happiest moment in a woman's life is when, having brought the man of her heart to the point of proposing, she makes him wait a minute or two for her answer. To know and feel his anxiety—to understand that the anxiety is all caused through love of her—this would constitute a bliss not to be rivaled, a bliss the sweeter for being so short-lived, and because of the fact that it can never occur again. But this strikes me as being a little feline in its nature, just a trifle cruel.

For myself, I should think there would be keener joy in that moment when a woman is able to say "Yes" to the most important question of her life, and to give herself freely and gladly to the one she loves.

I think, however, the question a difficult one to answer. There are so many different natures, that what would be extreme happiness to one woman might be only mild delight to another.

Some women, for example, have the maternal instinct more strongly developed than others, and for them the vocal cry of their first-born must cause an uplifting of the heart that no other feeling on earth could outdo. All in that supreme moment is forgotten!

The ambitious woman must find her best hour when she has attained the summit of her hopes, and victory crowns her with its laurel wreath.

To the woman standing over the sick bed that contains the one being dearest to her on earth, can there be an hour more rife with thankful happiness than when the doctor declares that there is hope? O, magic word! Hope that the adored one will be given back to her from the very jaws of death!

And yet, after all, I think Love, "that great master" as he has been justly called, has more to do with a woman's sweetest hour than any thing else on earth. To love, and to feel one's self beloved—that is, indeed, to know the best of life.

SYNONYMS FOR MOTHER.

Children of Culture Taught Love-Making Instead of Veneration.

Mother, that dear, sweet, matchless name, synonym for the tenderest, truest love man ever knew, has been eliminated from the fashionable vocabulary, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In the revised edition of the gilt-edged lexicon it is bracketed obsolete.

Only a few years ago war was made on the common pronunciation of the word mamma, and in spite of usage the French method was carried, that is, with the accent on the last syllable. Now, mother, mam-ma, and old-fashioned "ma" have been set aside as commonplace and various terms of endearment substituted. One of the wealthiest ladies in New York has taught her two little sons to call her "precious." "Dear one" is the favorite address in the home of a rich and distinguished politician, and the scions of the largest estate in the country call the young mother "love of mine" and the proud father "Prince Charming." But the most common term of endearment among the children of the upper class is "sweetheart." Coming from the little folks, scarcely able to utter the sounds of the letters, it is very pretty, especially at table or in the nursery, when the small child has a grievance or a heartache. It is not, however, a convenient or callable name at the foot of the stairs, when the immediate presence or audience of a gentlewoman is needed. Since the abrogation of "dearest," which had as long a run as the Fauntleroy sash and collar, "dearie" has enjoyed considerable popularity, but of late intrenchments have been made upon the lovers', territory and all their tender appellations appropriated.

"Sweet one," "my own," "lovely," "heart's-ease," "dear heart," "queen," "darling" and "sweetness" are some of the pet names to which loving and lovable mothers respond. And after all there is something very tender and very sweet in this love-making of parents and children, albeit the dignity implied by plain "mother" may appear to be lacking. It is just possible that there is too much severity in our relations with the little ones, and that a better, truer, firmer friendship may accrue from this child worship. One thing is certain, that there can be no estrangement between the real lovers of home. It is the sweet privilege of every mother to be the idol of her daughters and the sweetheart of her sons, and she has only herself to blame if the child-lover fires of her and in the noonday of life forgets the glory that brightened his morning. "Mother" may do for the daughter and son that the marriage ties will bring to the roof tree, but if a sweeter, dearer name can be invented, by all means let us have it to use, to hear and to love.

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THE GUARD'S STORY.

How an Engineer Saved Life and Property and How He Was Rewarded.

Coming down on the express late at night a short time ago I fell in conversation with the guard, a New York star reporter. He was a pleasant fellow. The night was not to be. They have lots of fun in the natural social instincts of men to play themselves in spite of rules and iron-bound rules. As we came into South Ferry station he remarked: